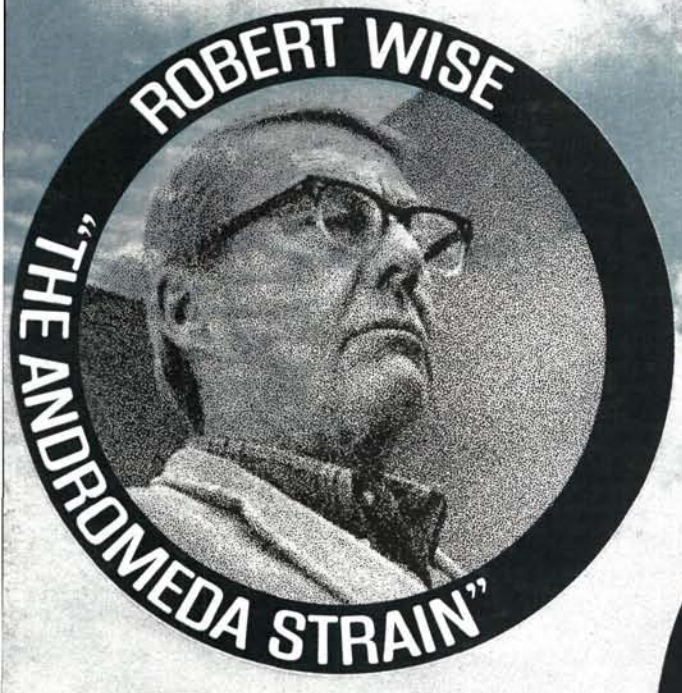
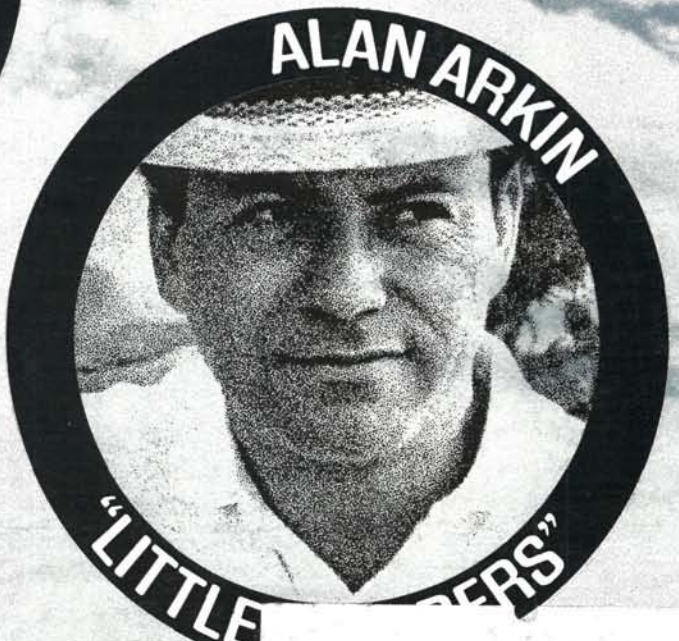
Saturday Review

AUGUST 8, 1970/50¢

DIRECTORS AT WORK





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What is U.S. Steel doing

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to help grow more food?

In ten years there will be 25 million more Americans to feed. We'll either have to spread our food thinner and thinner, or produce much more.

U.S. Steel is helping to grow more food, through our Agri-Chemicals Division.

At the Atlanta research center, we do basic research using soil samples from across the country.

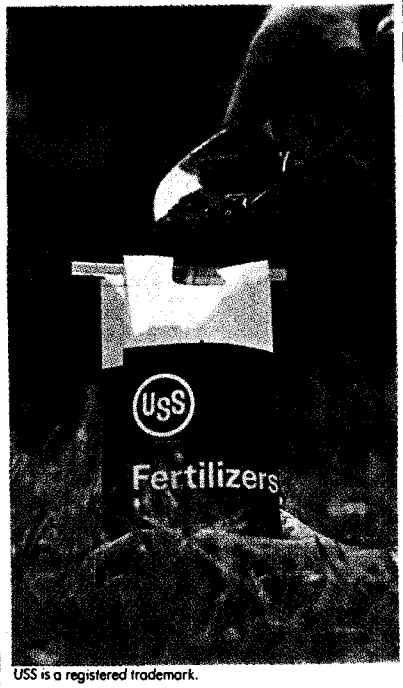
The samples are carefully analyzed to help tell us how to improve soil in different areas.

What we learn in the laboratory we put to work on farms coast to coast.

We'll take soil samples.

Analyze them.

Mix the specific nutrients the farmer needs.



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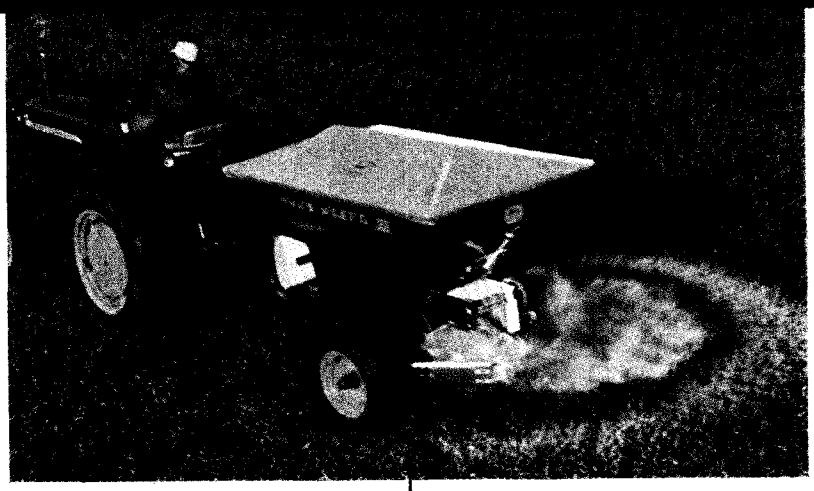

We'll even apply them. In the case of sophisticated chemical nutrients like anhydrous ammonia, the farmer may not have the specialized equipment it takes. So we use our own.

We're around throughout the growing season, too—making sure the nutrients are doing their job.

The results?

In many cases, the output of farm land can be easily doubled compared with untreated land. And our research continues. We're finding ways to help grow more food.

Which means that in the years to come you can still worry about *what* your next meal will be, instead of *when*.

We're involved.

USS

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VEGA WILL HAVE OVER 6300 PLACES TO GET THE SERVICE THAT YOU WON'T NEED MUCH OF.

When our little Vega hits the road in a few weeks, it'll have all the advantages of a fully grown Chevrolet.

Which means it can be bought and serviced at more authorized dealers than any other car in the world.

But the big story is that you shouldn't need much service. Here's why.

Hardhearted Sam.

For openers, we've reworked and built a whole new addition to our plant in Lordstown, Ohio, where Vega will be built.

It now stands as the most advanced automotive facility in the world.

Take Sam, for example. Sam is a machine, known to his friends as the six-axis manipulator. What he does is welding. And he does his welding more precisely than welding has ever been done on a car before.

Vega will also have bolt-on fenders.

And it'll have a 50,000-mile disposable air filter. That's more than twice as long as the regular kind.

Plus every new Vega will come with a little "do-it-yourself shop manual" listing things you can fix yourself, if you're so inclined.

If not, our service technicians are already trained. And our dealers will have a big inventory of parts in stock even before the Vega arrives. So if you *do* need a fender to bolt on, you can get one easy.

Durable as an anvil.

Another contributing factor to Vega's virtually service-free design is its very durable aluminum engine.

It's a 4-cylinder, so there are fewer wires, fewer spark plugs, and so on.

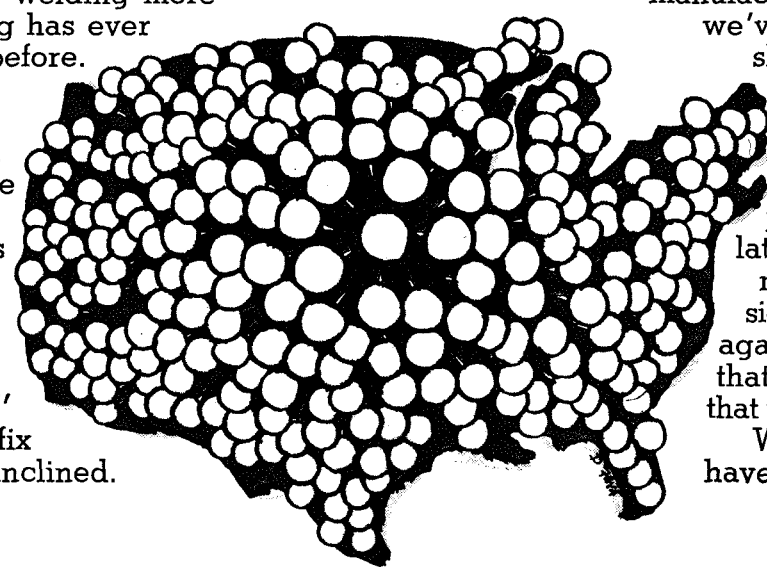
It's got an overhead cam, which means, among other things, that there are one-third fewer moving parts in the valve train.

It revs slowly at cruising speeds, which means less wear and tear.

With all the engineering and manufacturing innovations we've put into it, this should be one of the most dependable engines on the road.

Still, no car is perfect. Sooner or later, your Vega will need a little professional help. So once again we remind you that we offer more of that than anybody else.

We're handy to have around.



GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

VEGA
CHEVROLET

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August 8, 1970

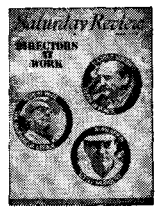
Saturday Review

Cover story, page 16

Directors at Work

Close-ups of film-makers Luchino Visconti, Alan Arkin, and Robert Wise in action

Cover design: Bob Cato



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(Advertisement)

In 1932, Frank Sullivan wrote a Christmas poem for *The New Yorker* in which he greeted public figures and personal friends. Thirty-eight years later, the custom persists, spreading Christmas cheer to the likes of "Enid Nemy, Irene Dailey, Marta Fitzgerald, and Pearl Bailey," and to unnamed readers everywhere.

But those who know Frank Sullivan only from his Christmas poems have missed a great part of his wit. The Sage of Saratoga created the character of The Cliche Expert, Mr. Arbuthnot (a "hearty" eater who is always "faultlessly" attired). He wrote what George Oppenheimer calls "the finest epic about trees since Joyce Kilmer." And he has been what Mr. Arbuthnot would most certainly call an inveterate letter writer.

Fortunately, a generous selection of the best of Frank Sullivan's writings has just been published as FRANK SULLIVAN THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS. It has an introduction by Marc Connelly, and *Publishers' Weekly* had this to say about it: "Performing his chores as a labor of real affection, editor George Oppenheimer has gathered a wonderfully entertaining collection of Sullivan's choice pieces, most of which were magazine articles first, and given a delightful extra measure by offering a feast of Sullivan's letters to his Saratoga and *New Yorker* friends—Marc Connelly, James Thurber, Harold Ross, Roger Angell and others including some notable ladies . . . To read and re-read Sullivan is to love the guy and laugh with him from cover to cover."

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

FRANK SULLIVAN THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS ($5.95), edited by George Oppenheimer, with an introduction by Marc Connelly, will be published this month by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 673 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022.

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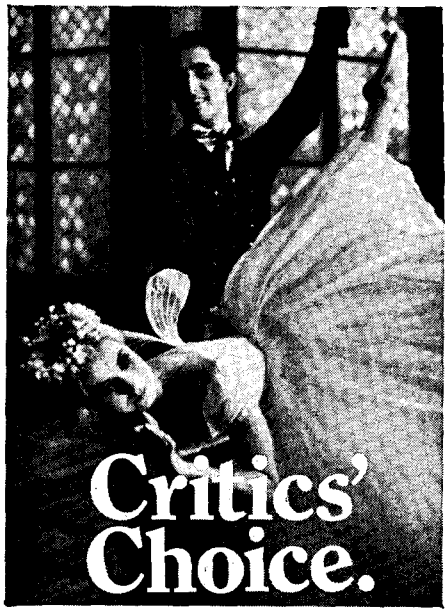

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Mama Could Lift a Horse

I WAS WALKING ALONG Via Giubbonari toward Campo dei Fiori in Rome not long ago when I saw a small station wagon driven by a heavy-set nun trying to turn into Via Chiavari, a narrow and somewhat crooked street. A small Fiat was parked at the corner, and the nun's maneuvering, skillful as it was, was in vain.

She muttered something to the nun at her side, and both got out, went to the rear of the Fiat, lifted it, and moved it six or seven inches closer to the wall. Returning to their station wagon, they drove away. I hadn't been as thrilled since the time years ago when I saw a team of forty Massachusetts farmers defeat a team of two oxen in a tug-of-war at the Great Barrington Fair.

The Rome incident was heartening. It was more than a triumph of pasta. It was a bright patch in a gloomy picture. In our present mood of discontent we are growing more and more indifferent to anything that requires a little muscle or concerted effort. In the freight yards and along the waterfront the loading fork has replaced the broad, honest back. Men whose grandfathers rowed boats skitter over the waters of inland lakes and sheltered bays in little Fiberglas power boats. Scuba diving, a kind of underwater skulking, is more popular than the long-distance swim.

A few years ago, people were saying jogging would solve a lot of problems. This came back to me one Sunday recently on the Saw Mill River Parkway when I saw a male jogger waiting to cross the road. Traffic was heavy, and the jogger kept bouncing up and down like a puppet on a string. I don't think I have ever seen such an earnest jogger. His face was set in a painful smile, and he dutifully moved his arms. He was obviously eager to be on his way to Irvington-on-Hudson or Lake Mahopac or some such place, but he couldn't cross the road.

So many drivers slowed their cars to watch him that a traffic jam developed, and the jogger, unable to go forward, gave up. He walked away. "I've had it," he later told the Jogging Editor of *The New York Times* Sports Department. "Why should I be out jogging when all these people are rolling around on wheels in comfort?"

Now we all know that no man is a jogger unto himself and the loss of one is a weakening in the chain that binds joggers together. Joggerdom can ill-afford the apostasy of even the most short-winded and spindly-legged. On the other hand, jogging is a lonely course to follow, melancholy at times, almost secretive. It is as if a man is running away from himself. Who started jogging anyway?

What disturbs me is the thought that jogging and scuba diving are so joyless—and I might add that spending an afternoon on a trampoline never struck me as a way of life.

The memory of the two nuns in Via Giubbonari was cheering. Their simple, spontaneous action reminded me of those demonstrations of enthusiasm that now seem so old-fashioned—when gallants used to unhitch horses from the carriages of operatic prima donnas and actresses and draw the carriages through the streets to the artists' hotels. (I always wondered who took care of the horses and what happened to the carriage after they reached the hotel and the artist went inside and from a second-floor balcony blew kisses and threw fresh roses to the crowds in the street.)

We grow soft, we grow sad, we ride golf carts, and in New York, where the police parades in Jimmy Walker's day went from the Battery to 110th Street, the march is now patterned for marchers who quit after twenty blocks. I once knew an actor whose mother had been a principal in a vaudeville strong man act, and it was his proudest boast that "Mama could lift a horse." A small horse, he conceded, but a horse.

—JOHN FERRIS.

The Mail Animal

TIRED OF that old suit you've been wearing, but reluctant to throw it out? Then send $25 to Fritz S. Hofheimer of New York City and get the names and addresses of 201 old woolen rag dealers. If you like your suit but are tired of your wife's cooking, he'll send you the names of 560 sauce and gravy makers for $40. Also available are data on fifty-two onion ring producers—only $16.50.

Fritz S. Hofheimer runs a company that specializes in mailing lists. His current list of lists is 140 pages long and has 23,000 entries, running from "2,173 abattoirs and slaughterhouses" ($40 per thousand) to ten makers of yo-yos ($10) and twenty-four zwieback manufacturers ($11.50). He is by no means alone in the field; America has 863 mailing-list houses ($40).

Do you have something you want to

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sell to 11,000 nuns? Their names and addresses are yours—typed on gummed labels or on your own envelopes—for $32.50 a thousand. Perhaps they would be interested in 35,294 priests. Priests run $28.50 a thousand. For the more ambitious there are lists of 185,000 Shapers of Public Opinion, 9,591,000 Aged People, and 38,000,000 Mail Order Buyers.

Would you pay $10 for the names of twenty-seven billiard ball manufacturers, sixteen doily makers, thirty-one dried apple packers, or forty-three manufacturers of horns (noisy)? If so, Fritz S. Hofheimer can be of service. His catalogue contains something to suit every taste: fifty-seven animal acts ($15), sixty-six diploma writers ($20), eighty-nine fox hunt clubs ($15), 138 fraternal regalia suppliers ($32.50), 144 lard refiners ($27.50), 918 pedigree pig breeders ($40), 236 German singing groups ($30), and twenty "Maskers of Objectionable Odor Manufacturers" ($10).

The BAG category is divided into such things as shopping, laundry, diaper, and punching. Under ACID you will find boric, nitric, salicylic, and fatty. CREAM manufacturers are broken down into separator, whipper, and "of Tartar." HORSE includes blanket, brush, hair, and radish. Best of all is the heading BOOK, under which are given critics, clubs, printers, and ends. The logic of the alphabet puts 172 patriotic associations next to 3,395 pathology labs.

If you can believe Fritz S. Hofheimer, there are 7,020 philosophers in the United States—not teachers of philosophy, which he lists separately. The ones he has in mind, apparently, are consulting or free-lance. Philosophers go for about $32 a thousand.

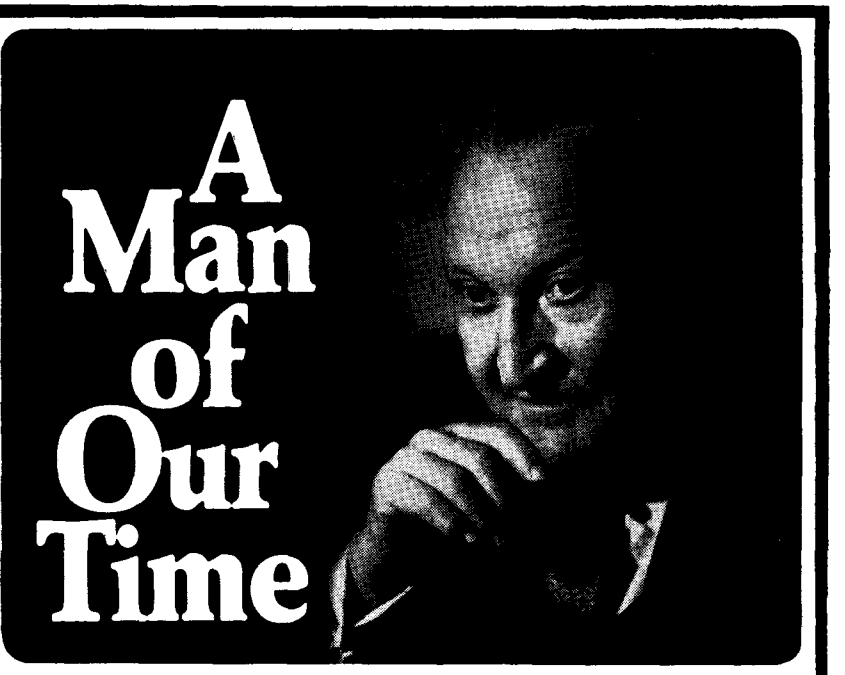
In some ways, the catalogue seems out-of-date, as in references to tin soldier makers and suppliers of fallout shelters. Despite the decline in religion and the rise in crime in recent years, there are sixty-seven vestment makers listed but only two of bulletproof vests. But perhaps the next edition will show this ratio beginning to turn around.

There is one curious omission. Given are entries for 10,200 sociologists, 45,350 social workers, and 59,800 socialites, but not a single socialist. How do you explain that, Hofheimer?

The most expensive name in the book costs $5. For that price you can find out who the only moth breeder is. Just a little bit less per capita brings you the names of two amber merchants and four suppliers of eiderdown.

According to Hofheimer, our huge country has only 132 esthetic psychologists, thirty-one ethical advertising agencies, and 147 cordial manufacturers. No wonder I've never met one.

—ROBERT BYRNE.



Recession and repression threaten many of us today. William Benton, in his long and brilliant career, has faced up to and conquered both these threats.

In 1929, on the brink of the stock-market crash, he became co-founder of the advertising agency Benton and Bowles, and, as Herbert Brucker, reviewing THE LIVES OF WILLIAM BENTON in *Saturday Review*, wrote: "characteristically, while the rest of the country sank into the red, this whizz-kid firm soared almost at once into the black, and even the gold."

As senator from Connecticut, Benton was the first political figure to stand up and be counted against Joseph McCarthy, calling for his resignation on the Senate floor three years before the official censure vote.

These are just two of the innumerable achievements of this remarkable man of our time. Born with the century in 1900, into a family of educators, Benton, on retiring from advertising as a millionaire in his mid-thirties, became vice-president of The University of Chicago. He acquired, for the university, the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* which he himself still publishes.

Prime mover in the foundation of UNESCO, the Committee for Economic Development, and the Voice of America, he has also been Assistant Secretary of State and a world-traveler in the service of his country. He has turned his hand, too, to commercially successful ventures including that typically twentieth-century invention, Muzak.

To quote Herbert Brucker again: "His has been a life that sent off sparks of hope and achievement in all directions."

From other reviews of THE LIVES OF WILLIAM BENTON:

"It is difficult to think of a more American story."—Marquis Childs, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

"The book affords invaluable inside views of U.S. business and politics during the Democratic golden days."—*Publishers' Weekly.*

"William Benton has proved that even today, sometimes good guys finish first. . . . Wry, anecdotal, entertaining, Hyman's work is also an important study of the environment of American ideas."—Theodore H. White

THE LIVES OF WILLIAM BENTON

by Sidney Hyman
$10.00

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Miracles, More or Less

ACTORS SPEAK OF the "illusion of the first time," that freshening of the imagination that enables a man at the fiftieth, hundredth, and — hopefully — thousandth performance of a role to enter it as if from life. Without such a freshening of mind and mood, there can be nothing on stage but memorized lines and businesses that perform themselves apart from any human identification the writer may have intended.

John Keats was trembling toward some such experience of the ever-freshened present in his "Ode on a Grecian Urn."

> And, happy melodist, unwearied,
> For ever piping songs for ever new.
> More happy love! More happy,
> happy love!
> For ever warm and still to be
> enjoyed,
> For ever panting and for ever
> young.

The crux of that urn experience, of course, is in that "still to be enjoyed." Since nothing ever happens there on the urn, all is yet to come.

> Bold Lover, never, never canst
> thou kiss,
> Though winning near the goal.

The urn experience is not an illusion of the first time. It is, rather, the forever of never. The urn lover forever yearns for what will never be his. The actor gets to kiss the girl night after night. His art is not to yearn unrequited but to manage that fiftieth, that hundredth, and—hopefully—that thousandth kiss, managing somehow to make each kiss the first.

Offstage, I often find myself thinking we are all bad actors: Inured as we are to both the malice and the miracle of our technology, we walk through our incredible lives, separated from them by a dull habituation. The hydrogen bomb is a bore. The pollution of the planet is old hat. Half of my friends confess they did not tune in to watch the second moon landing. They had watched the first, hadn't they? Once you've seen one moon landing, you've seen them all, haven't you?

They may be right. I might have been fuddling myself with nostalgia. I was thinking of the rapture with which I tuned in my first homemade crystal set back in the 1920s. It had taken me months to save up for the headphones and the genuine Brazilian crystal. I had spent days winding the wire around an empty Quaker Oats box, coating the coil, and setting the tuning bar, and then half of a heroic day stringing an aerial from my roof to the roof of O'Brien's Meat Mkt. The old Amrad Company had a factory in what is now the Tufts University gym, and Amrad ran a radio station whose tower was less than a mile from my house. It was the only station I was ever to bring in, but it was enough. My hour come, I slid the tuner hair by hair down the bar, waited for my miracle—and it came! the air spoke!

What actually sounded was the lo-fi quaver of a Charleston rag about being cah-razy over horses, horses, horses, and cah-razy anyhow. But the idiom of the miracle is forever second to the fact of the miracle: We were young enough for wonder then, and what have we grown into?

I won't pretend that I am entirely happy about the technological miracle. If only, for example, one of my friends had overlooked the moon landing because he was reading Keats and forgot which orbit was up, I could have found miracle enough in the rightness of one badgered man's choice. The wonder is in the capacity to be moved to wonder.

Last year good friends of ours moved to San Francisco, leaving us their new phone number and another for their son, an undergraduate at Lafayette. Recently, I phoned the son but read the number off the wrong line and reached the parents. My first thought was that Mom and Dad had come east for a visit. They hadn't. I had simply reached San Francisco, California, instead of Easton, Pennsylvania.

It was a happy error, and with my wife joining in on an extension we made a good chat-out of it, calling the son later, all in a technological day's work. Within that day, I may be unable to persuade anyone that I have in fact just described a miracle. I know I could have persuaded a boy at his crystal set that a 3,000-mile mistake to a pleasant visit is some sort of miracle.

As a veteran circuit rider, I board airplanes partly as a means of transportation but mostly for their snoozing lounges. I am probably insulting the Wright brothers when I doze through their miracle, but sleeping time is short between one-night stands, and a man must catch up as he can. Yet, even for the drowsy, the airlines can still turn up a miracle.

Last fall I lectured in Colorado and was to spend the weekend in Denver before flying to Pittsburgh that Sunday afternoon to be in time for a lecture in West Virginia on Monday morning. I checked into the Hilton and managed a few visits on Thursday and Friday. By Friday night, however, the TV forecasters were flashing blizzard warnings. The snow was expected to set in within a few hours, and the storm might or might not pass over by Sunday afternoon. Unless I moved fast, therefore, I might still find myself in Denver on Monday morning. I checked out of the Hilton as the snow started, got a cab to the airport, and asked for any flight out of the storm area, preferably east. As it happened, the airport was struggling to stay open, and the only flight I could count on as a sure thing left in a matter of minutes for Los Angeles. Flashing a miracle called a credit card, I booked it, spent the night at the airport hotel in Los Angeles, booked out again the next morning on a non-stop to New York, and so to Pittsburgh on Sunday after an unexpected night at home. With no appointments to keep, I had managed a full night's sleep and was awake for the flight east. Somewhere into the third glass of champagne I heard the pilot identify the blizzard as we passed over it. From altitude and with the sun on its back, the storm seemed merely fleecy and remote. I was on bourbon when the overcast stopped, and soon I could see the Mississippi in finely focused detail under clear skies. The bourbon was also clear and fine.

Yet, even without bourbon I knew I was riding some sort of miracle. Daydreaming, I wondered whom I might find to recognize as some sort of marvel this act of flying 1,500 miles west from a storm in order to fly three thousand miles east over its cauliflower back. In memory then I told my grandmother about it. She knew instantly that I had gone a millennial way. Still in memory, I told it to the outcasts of Poker Flat. With them, as it turned out, it wasn't a question of believing the miracle: They were simply unable to imagine it. How does one explain continent-jumping to people who are dying because they cannot get through a mountain pass? In the end, I told it to Keats, and sure enough he knew something about it. He told me right off it

> felt as light and free
> As though the fanning wings of
> Mercury
> Had played upon my heels.

I thanked him for putting it so well and told him I hoped never to lose my sense of what breeze that is.

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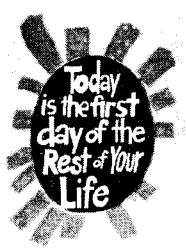

370. TODAY IS THE FIRST DAY OF THE REST OF YOUR LIFE. Silkscreen on **artist canvas** in sunlight reds orange & yellow. 22"x32". Pub. @ $12. Only **5.95**
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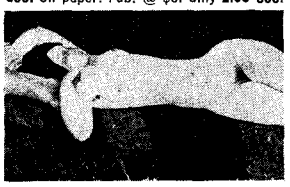

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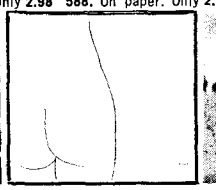

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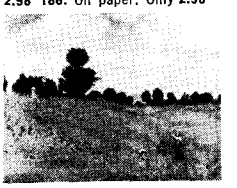

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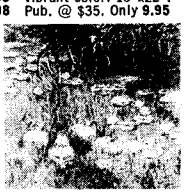

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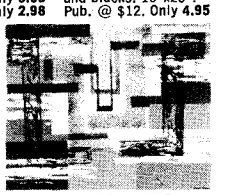

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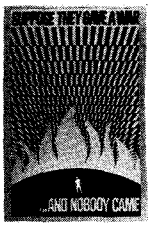

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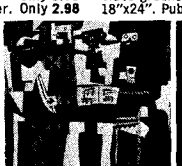

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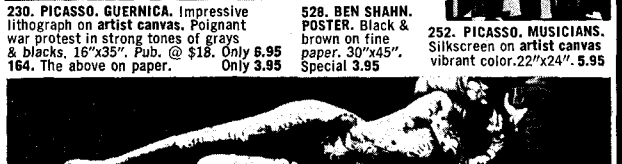

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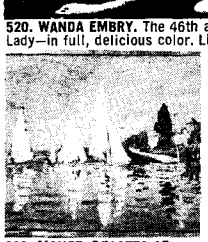

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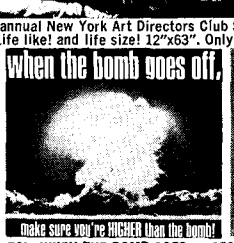

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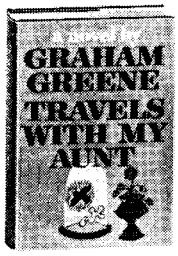

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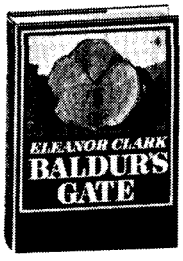

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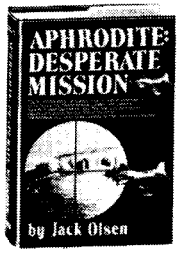

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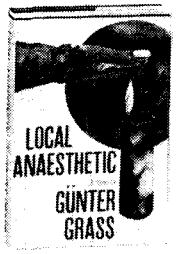

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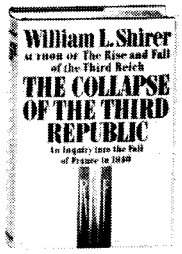

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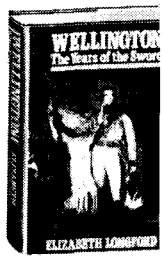

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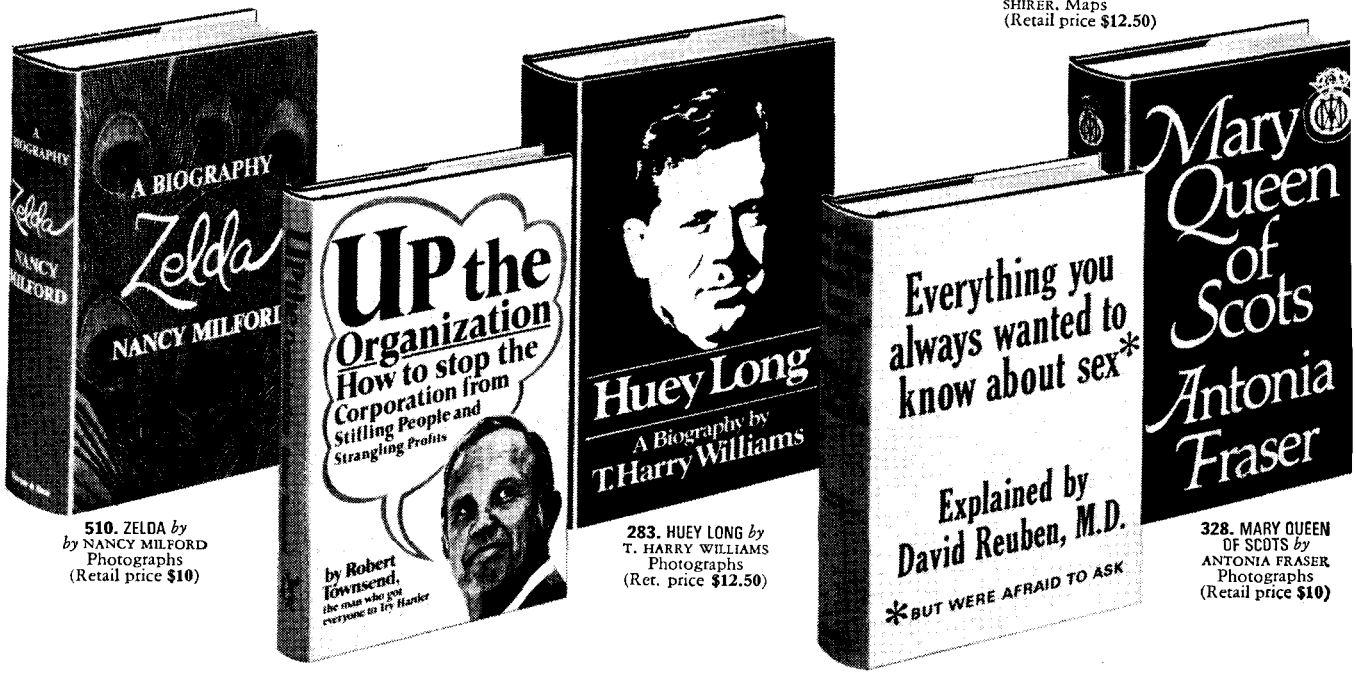
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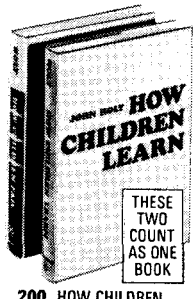

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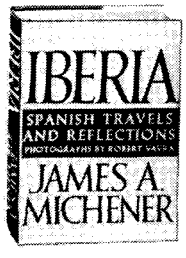

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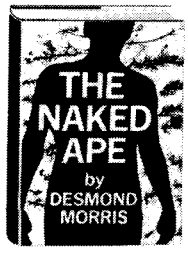

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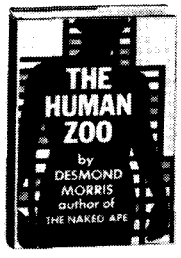

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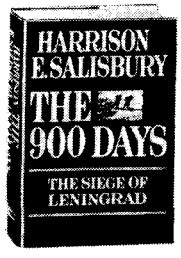

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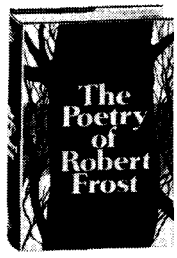

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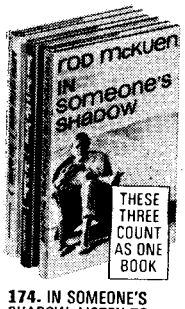

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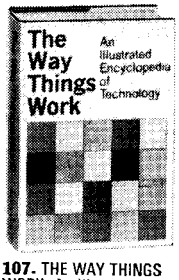

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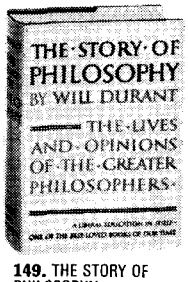

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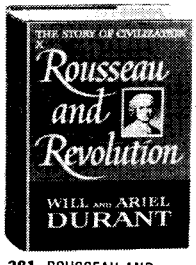

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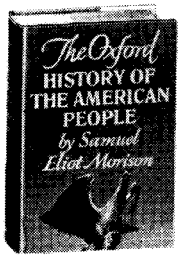

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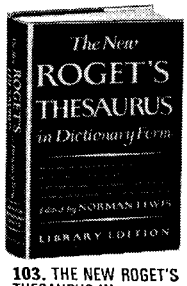

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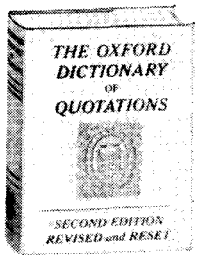

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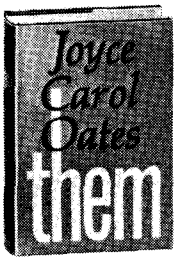

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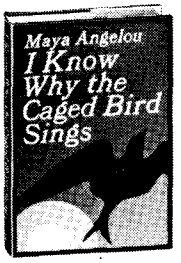

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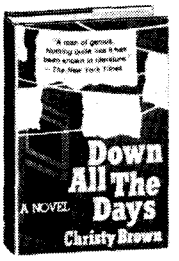

349. DOWN ALL THE DAYS
by CHRISTY BROWN
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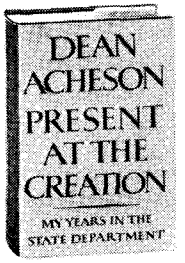

101. PRESENT AT THE CREATION: My Years in the State Department
by DEAN ACHESON
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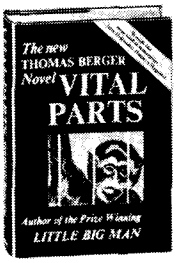

276. VITAL PARTS
by THOMAS BERGER
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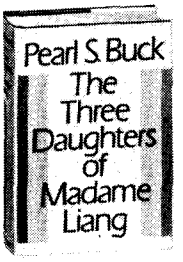

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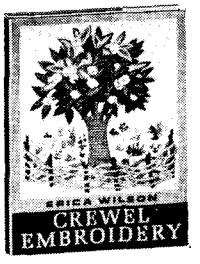
(Retail price **$7.95**)



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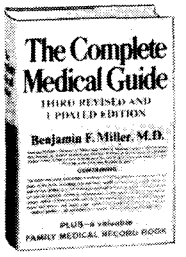

140. THE COMPLETE MEDICAL GUIDE *by* BENJAMIN F. MILLER, M.D. 3rd revised ed. Illus. (Ret. price **$9.95**)

485. KNOW YOUR ANTIQUES *by* RALPH *and* TERRY KOVEL
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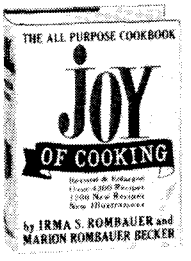

161. JOY OF COOKING
by IRMA S. ROMBAUER
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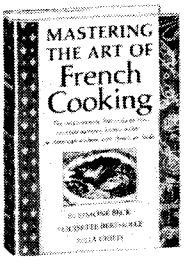

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Confrontation

IT WAS BOUND TO HAPPEN. I've been expecting it for months—ever since I read the book by Federal Communications Commissioner Nicholas Johnson *How to Talk Back to Your Television Set.*

After listening in mute disdain to my acerbic complaints for many weeks, my TV set lost her cool last night, and began talking back to me. Yes, "her" cool—my Lady of the Evening, she who wears a bowl of wax flowers in her hair.

It happened when a program I had enjoyed was ending. The credits were being shown; names of players, writers, director, producer, et al. were rolling by. I was interested to read the names of these talented people. But as the names crawled along, a voice was saying:

"Hi, this is Dean Martin. I have some wonderful guests for you next Thursday night. Looks like a dandy show. Ten o'clock Eastern Time, nine o'clock Central Time."

I shouted at my set, "Will you stop talking to me while I'm reading?" That did it!

"Will you stop shouting at me!" my TV set shrieked.

"What?"

"You heard me," she went on. "All these weeks I've been listening to your caustic sarcasm. You have flicked cigar ashes in my face, and once on the Rialto you spat upon my gabardine."

"Oh, quoting Shakespeare?" I said.

"I'm an Educational Broadcasting Corporation fan. My best hours are spent when you tune me to Channel 13. All your complaints I have borne with a patient shrug. Now, enough is enough. Particularly after last night, when you berated the new Winston commercial."

"If they think they can give us a choice of grammar or taste, I know what they're smoking."

"Winston finally went to school and learned not to use 'like' as a conjunction in place of 'as.' Is that your good cause?" she asked.

"Winston didn't go to school. Somebody told them they don't know their 'like' from their 'as.' Now they're ridiculing correct English with that 'What do you want, good grammar or good taste?'"

"They've corrected it," she said. "They realize that school kids watching TV may adopt that error."

"They're not correcting it, they're flaunting it. Good taste, they're saying, is better than good grammar. And speaking of that educational channel, did you see their ad in the *Times* announcing interviews they were going to broadcast with Gamal Nasser of Egypt and Golda Meir of Israel? The headline read: 'Last week we gave you his side, this week we bring you her's.' That's the way they spelled it: h-e-r apostrophe s."

"The newspaper is not my medium," she replied.

"OK, back to your medium," I said. "Take another commercial, White Owl cigars. The man puffing on two cigars says, 'To really appreciate our cigar, you have to smoke their cigar.' How about that?"

"What do you want," she said, "good grammar or a good cigar?"

"I don't want a cigar with a split infinitive."

"Now you're splitting hairs," she replied.

"All right, take David Frost, no less, on his talk show. He said to a guest, 'This next performer will give a lot of pleasure to you and I.'"

"Are you criticizing an Englishman's English? The English are our peers when it comes to grammar."

"I know Mr. Frost was made a peer, but I'll bet it wasn't for his grammar."

"Oh, stop your carping," she admonished. "TV programs are different things to different people. Let me read you something: 'I think television should arouse our dreams, satisfy our hunger for beauty, take us on journeys, enable us to participate in events, present great drama and music. It should be our Lyceum, our Chautauqua, our Minsky's, and our Camelot.'"

"Well put. Whom are you quoting?"

"E. B. White, our greatest living purist."

"Oh, that reminds me. I'm halfway through his latest book, *The Trumpet of the Swan.* Sheer magic. I think I'll finish reading it now. Sorry I shouted. Let's make up and be friends."

"Fine. Before you turn me off, how about sealing it with a good-night kiss?"

"Well, unaccustomed as I am to—well, OK."

"Hmmmmmmm," she hummed. "You kiss just beautiful."

"Beautifully," I corrected.

"What do you want," she laughed, as the final dot faded from the screen, "good grammar or good lips?"

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Progress Note—Terry Garsey, Ohio State freshman: "Once you're over forty, your mind's gone."

Gee, we can remember when it used to be thirty.

Sign of the Times—by Richmond's Mrs. William Ellyson:

TUBBY'S SUGAR SHACK
1201 W. Broad
TOPLESS DANCERS
Coats and Ties Requested

Better, we guess, a double standard than no standard at all. In any case, our Advertisement of the Week was also from the South—a want ad spotted by STAP/Specialist Frank Wright in the Waycross (Georgia) *Journal-Herald*:

> Will the person who helped me up after a fall at the Ritz on June 12 call 283-0101. The movie was *The Losers.*

If he *still* can't remember, we'd say the hell with it.

Remember those REMEMBER THE PUEBLO stickers? Well, this week it should be easy, because this week the third book about the *Pueblo* makes its appearance. And this one is by the name who should know best what happened: Commander Lloyd Bucher himself. His book *Bucher: My Story* was written with Mark Rascovich (*The Bedford Incident*), and if some may feel the commander has gone a bit overboard in his officer-and-gentleman approach to it all, others will feel he may be a little underboard in one respect—his steady salvos at his executive officer, Lt. Edward Murphy. Lieutenant Murphy may have had his shortcomings, but Bucher's intolerance of, among other things, the man's religion seems out of place in an otherwise excellently organized and continuously fascinating book.

We met Commander Bucher for the first time by happening to sit beside him at the Broadway play *Sheep on the Runway*. The play was all too easy to forget, but we have never forgotten the commander trying to eat, during it, a chocolate bar. The beatings he took obviously still make any kind of eating, not to mention seeing—his eyes were also affected—difficult. Somehow seeing him like that, close to and at first hand, would be good, we thought, for many of the people who have criticized him.

In any case, our next meeting occurred at the American Booksellers Association convention in Washington. There, before meeting him, we were handed a Doubleday release—one that intrigued us as much as any release at the convention:

> Commander Lloyd Mark Bucher was born in Pocatello, Idaho, on September 1, 1927. At the age of three, shortly after the death of his mother and the desertion of his father, he was sent to a small farm on the outskirts of town to live with his grandparents. In 1933, "Grandma and Gramps" took him to Long Beach, where "Gramps" sold vacuum cleaners door-to-door and managed an apartment building. When his grandparents became too old, Lloyd Bucher was returned to his father. They lived together in a shack for several years until "a welfare lady arrived . . . and with the flourish of an official paper, took me away. . . . I never saw Father again." He was then taken to a state orphanage (run by Mormons) in Boise and later to another orphanage and Catholic mission in upstate Idaho. While there, "I happened upon an article about a wonderful movie starring Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney which told me the story of Father Flanagan's Boys Town of Nebraska. I wrote a carefully composed letter asking Father Flanagan to admit me to Boys Town. . . ." In 1946 Commander Bucher graduated from Boys Town as mayor of the school, captain of the football team, and as one of the top ten in his class. Financially unable to attend college, and leaving Boys Town with only $7 and a new suit, he immediately enlisted at the nearest Navy recruiting station.

Nothing in the life of Commander Lloyd Bucher—or "Pete," as he is called—was meant, we decided, to be easy. At the convention, it was obviously difficult for him to speak. Yet, his voice broke only once—when he talked about Boys Town.

Later, when we talked with Bucher, he shrugged off the beatings. "I go into them in the book," he said, "to the degree I can. Some of them were too gruesome to write about." He refused, too, to blame the Navy. "The Navy has been my whole life," he said quietly. "I love the Navy." Only once did he indeed criticize at all. "There were errors at a very high level," he said, "and I think that people at those levels have inappropriately and unmanfully not admitted their mistakes."

Even Bucher's publishing experience has been difficult. For one thing, another book on the subject, *A Matter of Accountability* by Trevor Ambrister, was published by Coward-McCann just before his and was subtitled "The *True* Story of the *Pueblo* Affair":

> Most officers above the rank of commander castigate Bucher harshly. "He's going to wish he'd been more heroic," one Vice Admiral said. "It's better to be a dead hero than to live to a ripe old age and read nasty things about yourself in the papers." In the lower ranks, however, among the lieutenants and lieutenant-commanders, there is widespread sympathy and even admiration for the man. Perhaps it is true, as Allen Hemphill once observed, that there are "two Navies."

And, as if that weren't enough, even Bucher's own publishing firm had a book out against him—*The Pueblo Incident* by Rear Admiral Daniel Gallery. "Anywhere in the United States today," writes Admiral Gallery bitterly, "a Congressional Medal of Honor will get you a cup of coffee—if you have 15 cents to go with it. But surrendering your ship without a fight can get you fame and fortune."

In the end, we faced Stewart ("Sandy") Richardson, the editor on Bucher's book, with a Court of Inquiry of our own. Was it, we asked, a case of Doubleday duplicity? "We always reserve the right," Mr. Richardson answered manfully, "to publish on any side of any question." But, we pursued, *both* sides of a question at once? Richardson smiled. "I was tense about it," he said, "but Doubleday publishes three hundred new trade books a year, and sometimes it happens. We had the Gallery book before we knew we had Bucher."

Did Richardson have anything to say before we pronounced sentence? He did not—he would speak only for Bucher. "They beat him unmercifully," he told us. "For days he had to go on all fours. One crewman said that only two things preserved his sanity—God and his commanding officer. Of all the authors I've ever had anything to do with, Pete is the most open, honest, and thoroughly candid."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1895)

ARNOLD PALMER:
SITUATION GOLF

Every golfer walks up to the first tee with the same feelings. There's anticipation. There's excitement. There's hope that *this* might be the day. And if the hole does play easily and the score *is* good, then life is beautiful and happiness is golf, and why not take the wife out to dinner tonight.

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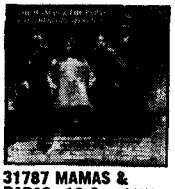
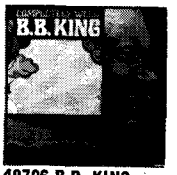


31787 MAMAS & PAPAS—16 Great Hits
Dunh LP, 8TR, CASS

42665 CROSBY, STILLS & NASH
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS,

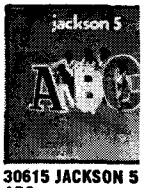
33077 JOAN BAEZ—One Day At A Time
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

42673 LED ZEPPELIN II
Atlan LP, 8TR



49706 B.B. KING—Completely Well
Blues LP, 8TR, CASS

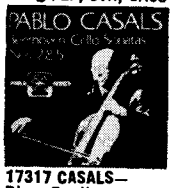
44368 PAUL MAURIAT—Midnight Cowboy
Phil LP, 8TR, CASS



30615 JACKSON 5 ABC
Motow LP, 8TR, C

42693 KING CRIMSON
Atlan LP, 8TR

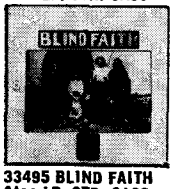
33032 IAN & SYLVIA—Nashville
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



17317 CASALS—Plays Beethoven
Phil LP

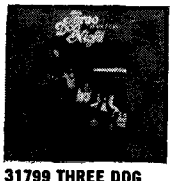
34525 HELLO DOLLY
TwenCen LP, 8TR, CASS

66611 JAMES BROWN—Soul On Top
King LP



33495 BLIND FAITH
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS.

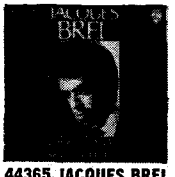
33257 CHARLIE BY Byrd Man
River LP, 8TR



31799 THREE DOG NIGHT—It Ain't Easy
Dunh LP, 8TR, CASS

15116 HANDEL—Jephtha
Vangu LP (3 records)

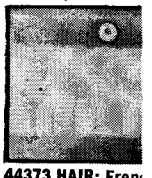
17263 GREGORIAN CHANT
Phili LP



44365 JACQUES BREL—If You Go Away
Phili LP

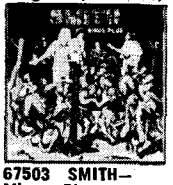
33486 CREAM—Best of Cream
Atco LP, 8TR

42715 BEST OF MJQ
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

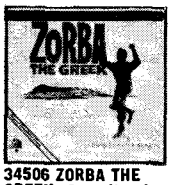


44373 HAIR: Fren Original Cast
Phil LP

16759 TCHAIKOVSKY—1812 Overture
Mercu LP

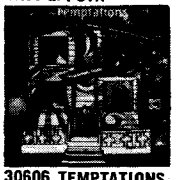


67503 SMITH—Minus—Plus
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS



34506 ZORBA THE GREEK—Soundtrack
TwCen LP, 8TR, CASS

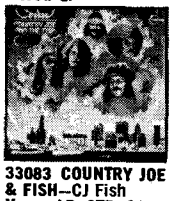
33065 JOAN BAEZ—David's Album
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



30606 TEMPTATIONS Psychedelic Shack
Gordy LP, 8TR, CASS

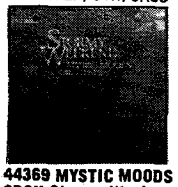
33078 WEAVERS—On Tour
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

17042 BEETHOVEN Piano Sonatas/ Richter **Phil** LP



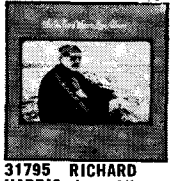
33083 COUNTRY JOE & FISH—CJ Fish
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

66546 RARE EARTH—Get Ready
RarEa LP, 8TR, CASS



44369 MYSTIC MOODS ORCH. Stormy Weekend
Merc LP, 8TR, CASS

17238 BERLIOZ—Te Deum—London Sym.
Phili LP



31795 RICHARD HARRIS—Love Album
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS

48782 APPLAUSE—Original Cast
ABC LP, 8TR, CASS

33487 BEST OF I GEES
Atco LP, 8TR, CAS

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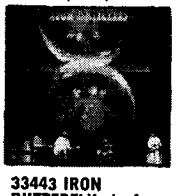
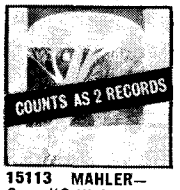
Cotil LP

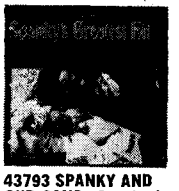


33443 IRON BUTTERFLY—In A Gadda-Da-Vida
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS

17008 HANDEL—Messiah (3 records)
Phili LP



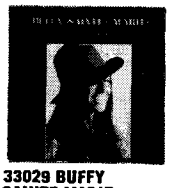
15113 MAHLER—Sym #3 Utah Sym
Vangu LP (2 records)



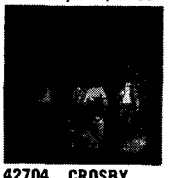
43793 SPANKY AND OUR GANG—Greatest Hits
Mercu LP, 8TR, CASS

30609 SUPREME Right On
Motow LP, 8TR, CA

17064 MOZART: Sym Nos. 25, 29, 32—Lon. Sym, Davis
Phil LP



33029 BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE—Gonna Be A Country Girl Again
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



42704 CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG—Deja Vu
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

44195 FOUR SEASONS—Gold Vault of Hits
Phili LP, 8TR, CASS

31973 JOHN COLTRANE—Selflessness
Impul LP

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DIRECTORS AT WORK

Luchino Visconti and Dirk Bogarde—" 'Give me the Mahler who wrote the Ninth.' "

VISCONTI IN VENICE

by HOLLIS ALPERT

In the preface to his *Stories of Three Decades*, Thomas Mann wrote of the novella *Death in Venice* that he, the creator, was dazzled by its many facets. If the celebrated story had not been regarded as a masterpiece, and if the author's reputation had been less august, the statement might have seemed a bit immodest. Written in 1911, when Mann was in his mid-thirties, the work took on ever more somber overtones as Europe was engulfed by World War I, the crumbling of dynasties, revolution, and the rise of Fascism. *Death in Venice* compares the decaying powers of an artist with decay and putrescence in a once proud city. One could see in it a host of symbols. As Gustave von Aschenbach paints his aging cheeks and dyes his graying hair, all for the mad, impossible pursuit of a beautiful boy, the tale does indeed dazzle with its intimations of a whole society in the process of dissolution.

Film-makers, too, have been dazzled by the many facets of *Death in Venice*. Among those who attempted to do the story were John Huston, Joseph Losey, and José Ferrer. In fact, Ferrer came close to doing it some four or five years ago, but the project fell apart, as it had in the past. One perhaps apocryphal story has it that one American company was willing to back the project, but only on condition that the boy, Tadzio, were metamorphosed into a pretty little girl. At any rate, Luchino Visconti, the sixty-three-year-old Italian stage, opera, and film director—who also bears the title of Count Visconti di Madrone and is the veritable descendant of Gian Galeazzo Visconti, the Duke of Milan—was at last able to clear the rights and persuade Warner Brothers to give him the necessary backing. That is, he thought he had cleared the rights. At the last minute, with the start of production announced for last March, there was a hitch. A well-known actor claimed, legitimately so, as it turned out, that his contract with the Mann estate assured him of the right to play the chief role of von Aschenbach. Visconti's choice was the English star Dirk Bogarde. A considerable amount of money changed hands—

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$100,000, so it is said—and Visconti was able to proceed, a month later than had been planned.

Bogarde had been contacted by Visconti some eighteen months before, not long after he had finished filming *The Damned* for Visconti. "He called me up," Bogarde said on the Lido location of the film, "and said, 'Would you like to be von Aschenbach?' I was kind of stupid and slow-minded, because in *The Damned* there is also a character called Aschenbach. 'We've already done that,' I told him. He was irritated—Visconti hates to talk on the telephone—but mainly, I suppose, because he can't understand you're not intelligent enough to realize he's speaking of Thomas Mann. I couldn't believe at first I was being asked, and I couldn't understand why he was asking me to do it. Anyway, I said: 'When?' He said: 'Maybe in two years.' I asked him if he really wanted me to wait two years, and he said, 'Well, you understand I must see my lawyer to discuss it, then we have to buy the rights, but don't worry, I know the Mann family very well. It will be possible, but it may take a long time to get.' So I said okay, and I started waiting.

"Unfortunately, even after he got the rights, there was this other unfortunate delay. You see, Visconti lives in Italy, and, as far as most Italians are concerned, there does exist a place called California, and there *is* a place called New York, but there is *only* Italy. Here he was, ready to start, and had no idea he couldn't use me."

Visconti's problems were further compounded by the fact that the film industry has suffered some rude financial jolts recently, and the kind of handsome production he had in mind was regarded by Warner Brothers as risky and costly. Ordinarily, a film company initiating a project involving reputations as important as those of Visconti and Bogarde would probably have to put up about $750,000 in order to get them, and the total budget would then have been in at least the $3-million range. How could a company justify to its stockholders spending that sum on a frail story about a middle-aged man mooning over a cute boy, with nary an exploitable contact between them?

Some hard bargaining ensued. Visconti's one trump was that Warner Brothers had released *The Damned* in this hemisphere, and it had been both a critical and an audience success. The budget finally agreed upon was $1.5-million, with the harsh proviso that Visconti (and the company he formed for the purpose) would be held personally responsible for anything in excess of that amount. With another $100,000 tacked on to sooth the actor for the loss of his rights, the budget was lifted to $1.6-million, although Warner's is still getting a bargain.

A period film—and the period of Visconti's production is precisely June 1911—inevitably involves more expenditure than a contemporary one. If it had been necessary to build sets, *Death in Venice* would have been impossible to make at the earmarked cost. As it was, costume designer Piero Tosi had to come up with no fewer than 700 costumes—none of which could be found in a Rome department store. Visconti is a notorious stickler for detail. Luckily, because of the absence of automobiles, and in the interest of its all-important tourist industry, Venice exists much as it did in 1911, when Mann presumably visited it. Mann wrote, for instance, that Aschenbach stayed at the Hotel des Bains on the Lido. Well, there the Hotel des Bains still is, now distinctly old-fashioned, but as grand as it was once, with its spacious terrace, large vestibule, hall, reception and dining rooms. One reason Visconti had planned to start shooting in March was that he had rented the Hotel des Bains well in advance of its May 15th seasonal opening. With the postponement to late April, he was barely able to get his scenes there completed before the deadline.

The Hotel des Bains, which had fallen from luxury to first-class status because of its relatively old-fashioned accommodations and lack of air conditioning, was about to be modernized back into the luxury category. The air-conditioning engineers impatiently were hovering about while Visconti made use of the hotel. By the last few days of shooting there, the installation was under way, but by then Visconti was doing his night scenes, and it no longer mattered.

On the set, Visconti has all the authority of his ancestor, the Duke of Milan. A bulky man, with bushy eyebrows and a sternly watchful gaze, he is indisputably the master. To make the production possible at all, the crew, the technicians, the various assistants and specialists agreed to take half their usual salaries. Bogarde's salary was $25,000, one-tenth of his customary fee (he will be rewarded with a percentage, if there are profits); Silvana Mangano, who plays Tadzio's Polish mother, is taking no salary at all. Visconti has that kind of attracting power. "Here in Italy," said Bogarde, "he's regarded as kind of the cinema pope."

Reporters aren't particularly welcome on the set, and if he talks to anyone at all, it is usually someone who speaks Italian. English is a strain for him, and even when communicating with Bogarde he employs Italian most of the time. "We sit together on the set and never talk," Bogarde said. "But he knows I'm there and I have to watch, because he doesn't tell me what I'm going to do. Should he give me one of his rare directions, it's usually in Italian, and about the only Italian words I know are spaghetti and bolognese. He concentrates every second —oh, Christ, every *split* second. You're supposed to do your job absolutely perfectly, because he does his perfectly. I noticed the vodka bottles had vodka in them instead of water, and I asked him why, and he snapped back at me, 'Because I know it's vodka.'"

Thus wandering around the dining room, redecorated to its 1911 elegance, I found myself noticing the wine bottles on the table. There was a Vino Merlot Cantonadine 1904 and a Beaujolais Richevel 1906. The extras who drank the wine insisted they were genuine, but it was simpler and less expensive merely to have the labels printed up. In one of the lounges I came across newspapers printed in several languages, but none in Italian. Those who stayed at the Hotel des Bains in 1911 came mainly from countries other than Italy. A copy of the London *Times* was dated June 24, 1911. This kind of thing is characteristic of Visconti. It is highly unlikely that the date of a newspaper would be caught by the camera, or even the year of a wine bottle, but Visconti wants the kind of atmospheric exactitude that might give confidence to himself and his actors. For Bogarde as Aschenbach, he had cigarettes especially made in an oval shape, circa 1911. "In close-up," Bogarde said, "it could be noticeable on the screen."

Why Bogarde for the Germanic Aschenbach? Visconti took enough time out to explain, in his halting English, that the delicate, difficult nature of the story required a craftsman of Bogarde's capability. He had first noticed his versatility in Jack Clayton's *Our Mother's House*. In *Death in Venice* he would be in practically every frame of the picture. Shadings, nuances were extremely important. "He must not make a mistake," he said. Then he added, "Bogarde is the most un-ham actor I know."

I mentioned that last remark to Bogarde later, and he was visibly moved. "That," he said, "is the highest compliment I've ever gotten from anyone. And I'll bet he doesn't even know he's paid me a compliment. My previous high was when someone in America wrote I had taken over suffering where Joan Crawford left off."

Suffer is what Bogarde must continue to do in *Death in Venice*. Made up to resemble Thomas Mann vaguely at fifty or so, he must also indicate a man who is dying physically and spiritually. "I look like a fifty-year-old fe-

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Bjorn Andresen as the adored Tadzio.

tus," he said. "I must walk with a funny limp, not because I'm so old, but because I'm supposed to be a prematurely aged man who walks in this way because he's dying. Visconti has to keep reminding me that I'm not playing a doddery old character. I made a great booboo once. Visconti, of course, has been working on this for a long time, and once, in his house, I asked him, 'But when is the precise moment he catches the plague?' Luchino looked at me with those great, gray eyes and said: 'Never. He dies of grief. If you must have a reason, it's a heart attack.' "

Bogarde went on, "Other than that occasion I've never had more than four minutes with him alone. He had invited me to lunch, during which he read out little bits of the book to me, but in Italian, of course, which I didn't understand. The script is in Italian, too, but they've had a copy translated for me into English." Visconti writes his scripts in collaboration with Nicola Badalucco, and admits that he has made one important change from the original and some additions. Aschenbach is no longer a rigorously disciplined writer, but a composer and conductor more than vaguely based on Gustav Mahler. There is an extraordinary amount of certainty among those involved in the production that Mahler was a prototype for the Mann story.

I again went to my invaluable and infallible source to find how this had come about.

"It's a story Visconti once heard," Bogarde said. "I'm not sure whether it was from Mann himself, or from a member of the Mann family. At any rate, Mann is supposed to have divulged to *someone* that in 1911 he was coming back from Venice on a train and with him in the same compartment was this fifty-one-year-old weeping man with dyed hair, terrible makeup, eyelashes falling off, absolutely hideous, and obviously in great distress. Mann spoke to him—so the story goes—and learned he was Mahler, who said, 'I've just come from Venice, and I've fallen in love with a boy of thirteen.' They went on to discuss it, and Mahler is supposed to have said that it wasn't the boy per se, but the beauty he represented. The boy became the symbol for all that he'd lost—beauty, purity, innocence. Visconti, therefore, is basing the film very lightly on an early twentieth-century composer who could conceivably be Mahler, and, perhaps more pertinent, this gives him the opportunity to use Mahler's music throughout on the soundtrack. At the very end, I'm on the beach, watching the boy, who is about to leave plague-stricken Venice, and I'm composing, I suppose, an unfinished Mahler symphony."

Other than the not too striking coincidence that Mahler died the same year as the story's composition, there is little to substantiate the Visconti assumption. Mahler was a studious, nervous, Jewish-Viennese intellectual, quite unlike Mann's description of Aschenbach. It is perhaps more likely that Visconti's own directorial flair requires that the character be based on some real model. At any rate, so intent was Visconti in fashioning Aschenbach in Mahler's image that the first make-up tests done on Bogarde made him look uncannily *like* Mahler. This struck everyone as a little too close for comfort; so they settled for a Thomas Mann resemblance, which may not make Mann-lovers happy, either, since Mann was hardly telling his own story. On the other hand, Visconti seems more at home with musical analogies. On the few occasions when he does give Bogarde a clue as to what he wants, he will say, "Give me the Mahler who wrote the Ninth." How does Bogarde accomplish that? "I try to give him some sort of look," he said, with a shrug. "I told my manager the other day, 'I think I did a great look today.' I had the same problem while working on *The Damned*. Luchino, all through it, kept telling me: 'This is not *Parsifal*, this is *Tannhäuser*.' Once he even asked me to do Beethoven's *Fidelio*. Finally, after five weeks of musical acting, I said to him, 'This is an *opera*.' He gave me that stare of his, and said, 'You mean to say you didn't know?' "

But central to the story as Bogarde is, there must still be a boy able to evoke Aschenbach's perverse longings. He was found by Visconti in Stockholm, a leggy fourteen-year-old who is incredibly fair, blue-eyed, and blond, and whose name is Bjorn Andresen. While making the film, however, he turned fifteen, and the cameraman, Pasquale De Santis, was astonished to discover that his precise focusing on the boy had gone slightly out of whack. Bjorn, it turned out, was growing fast, and had put on more than an inch from the time shooting started. He is also a musician of sorts, adept at both guitar and piano, and one sequence shows him briefly at the piano—playing Mahler, naturally.

I was able to watch one of the final night-shooting sequences on the terrace of the Hotel des Bains. It was that portion of the story in which a group of strolling musicians plays for the hotel guests. Venice is all but sick to its death with the plague, although the dreadful secret is still not admitted by the local people. The head of the company of musicians is a Neapolitan who plays the guitar and smirks suggestively as he sings his street songs. Aschenbach, who has detected the secret, is aware that he gives off a strong odor of carbolic acid, but he is worried less for himself than for his beloved Tadzio. I watched the scene being lit. Guests appeared on the terrace, some played by members of Italian nobility, who regard it as a kind of In thing to appear in a Visconti film. And there stood Tadzio in the brilliant glare of the lights. "He lounged there," wrote Mann, "in all his innate, inevitable grace, with his left arm on the balustrade, his legs crossed, the right hand on his supporting hip; and looked down on the strolling singers with an expression that was hardly a smile, but rather a distant and polite toleration." Aschenbach was there on the terrace, too, dressed in evening clothes, glasses perched on his nose, a haunted man, sick with love. To himself he must murmur, after Tadzio glances at him with a smile: "How dare you smile like that! No one is allowed to smile like that!"

Bogarde murmured the lines, while Visconti watched from his chair behind the camera. But during the take he reversed the phrases, and all at once was seized by a fit of coughing.

"What *happened*?" Visconti bellowed.

Bogarde made throat-clearing noises and pointed at his chest. "He knew perfectly well I was lying," Bogarde admitted afterward. But meanwhile, the scene was set up again. Visconti beckoned to his star. "Bogarde, can you do it with tears?" he asked.

"I'll try," Bogarde said.

"No, you don't try," Visconti said, "you do it."

Bogarde spoke the lines again, getting them in their proper order this time. Tears came into his eyes as he spoke them, while Tadzio remained shy and aloof at the rail of the terrace. The sound of the Adriatic soughed nearby. The action stopped, and Visconti indicated he was satisfied.

"I'll never understand how you were able to do that," I said to Bogarde.

"I had to," he said. "I was so frightened."

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THE MAKING OF "LITTLE MURDERS"

First-timers: Alan Arkin, director; Elliott Gould, coproducer; and Jules Feiffer, screenwriter.

by LARRY COHEN

When shooting on a new film is about to begin, it is a standard procedure within the industry to announce the event in the gossip columns and in such trade papers as *Variety* and *The Hollywood Reporter*. In addition, on the average, three or four fliers are sent out weekly as part of the routine mail that clutters the desk of every reviewer and editor. Yet, when the publicity department at Twentieth Century-Fox disclosed early this past April that production on Jules Feiffer's *Little Murders* would soon begin filming with New York City as its principal location, it was a notification that stirred up more than ordinary interest.

A few days later, Eileen Peterson, the unit publicist assigned to the film, called me to ask if I'd like to cover the shooting. I jumped at the chance and immediately decided to observe as much of the scheduled nine weeks of filming as possible. My interest came partially as a result of a deep respect for Feiffer's play, which I'd seen numerous times; I was also curious to discover what kinds of change (if any) such concentrated involvement with the making of one film would have on the way I as a critic approach films in general.

Yet, there were other, equally substantial reasons for my covering this particular film. In the first place, the thought of Fox's financing such a radical property came as a small revolution in itself. Put very gently, Feiffer's look at urban life in this country is no *Sound of Music* or *Hello, Dolly!* Instead, it is a lacerating indictment of the social values and myths that these very films tend to perpetuate. Budgeted at a modest $1.3-million, *Little Murders* —regardless of the quality of the finished product—was the kind of film that a studio like Fox desperately needs to make if it hopes to rechristen its logo for the upcoming century.

The picture was to be a first in other respects: the feature debut not only of a new producing team (former publicist Jack Brodsky and actor Elliott Gould) but also of Alan Arkin, who had staged the play Off-Broadway, as a film director, and Jules Feiffer as a screenwriter. The originally announced creative and economic team had been considerably different. United Artists, a corporation with more of a reputation for leaving its creative people alone, was set as the distributor; French film-maker Jean-Luc Godard had agreed to direct; and scriptwriters Robert Benton and David Newman (who were responsible for *Bonnie and Clyde*) were performing a stage-to-screen transplant. Leaving aside the question of fidelity, two significantly different concepts of *Little Murders*—one a natural evolution of the stage work, the other a more revolutionary tangent—were once vying for production.

An additional motivation for my involvement was the proposed use of New York City in the film. To say that Manhattan would be the setting for this 1967 playwright-labeled "post-assassination" play is equivalent to saying that Chicago was the background for *Medium Cool* or San Francisco for *Petulia*. For without Mayor Lindsay's city, *Little Murders* lacks a pulse. True, New York *is* the location, but such a statement doesn't express enough of the truth. Together, the play and the city form an unrelenting mental metropolis; one is the mirror image of the other. New York is the main character, and its mean, retching streets, its robbed and gutted apartments, power blackouts, and air pollution are the implicit inflections of the dialogue.

Of the numerous major features to be shot in Manhattan (and some forty-five were filmed there during 1969), *Little Murders* almost needs to bill New York as its over-the-titles star. What had been the omniscient half of Feiffer's concept on stage—a stylized, external world of stray violence that steadily insinuates itself through barred windows and double-locked doors into the life of a Norman Rockwell American family—could now be made explicit on film. As a result, how Feiffer would revise his play and how Arkin would change his direction were two further objects of my interest.

When the play first opened three years ago, Broadway just wasn't ready for its bizarre combination of comedy and terror. Audiences and critics defensively shied away from it and had trouble in making the jump between levels. With Gould in the original cast, it opened on a Tuesday evening late in April, and closed the following Saturday—less than a week later. New York's casualty was performed in London as the first American play to be selected by the Royal Shakespeare Company, and was voted Best Foreign Play of the season. It then reopened early in 1969 at Off-Broadway's Circle in the Square, with a scene that had been cut for Broadway restored. In this brilliantly staged production by Arkin (who also directed Feiffer's *The White House Murder Case* this season),

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the play won the Obie and Outer Critics Circle awards for 1969.

A year later, it seemed as if America not only had caught up to the play in the horror of its daily headlines but was also out in front by a frightening margin: a real film itself, moving faster than any fiction. On April 13, merely days before Earth Day, Cambodia, and Kent State, *Little Murders* went before the cameras.

On stage, all of the play's action was effectively confined to a single setting. Into the typically upper West Side apartment of the Newquist family comes Patsy Newquist, described by the playwright as "the all-American girl, Doris Day of ten years ago." Patsy is bringing home her new boy friend, an apathetic and badly bruised photographer named Alfred Chamberlain, to meet her parents and adoring younger brother Kenny. The apartment was a one-set world: the scene of a proposal and a marriage, a sniper's bullet and a death, a murder investigation, and multiple killings. The city outside was the province of stylization, of imagination. It was communicated largely through the use of sound effects and by what the actors could suggest each time they made an entrance.

Adapting the play for the screen was the first task to face the film-makers. Arkin originally had been approached to direct the film version, but turned it down. "I thought, no—I'd done that already. I'd done everything I could with the play." However, after speaking with Feiffer, who himself had several new ideas about the script, Arkin changed his mind. These innovations included a set of parents (played by Doris Roberts and John Randolph) for Alfred, and a series of scenes to visually establish rather than verbally express the relationship between Alfred and Patsy. Most significantly, Feiffer had devised numerous location sequences—in a subway, Central Park, a restaurant—to provide the film with a literal reality.

Roughly eighteen days of the new shooting script—more than a third of the total schedule—was spent filming around New York, blocks away from the West 26th Street studio that housed the interiors of the apartments belonging to Patsy and the Newquists. The mugging that tentatively opens the movie, for example, was filmed on the first day of shooting outside of the Stephen Wise Towers on West 90th Street; a group of thugs (including associate producer Burtt Harris) attacks Alfred (Gould), only to be beaten off by Patsy. (Having seen actress Marcia Rodd only once, in Neil Simon's Broadway hit *The Last of the Red Hot Lovers*, Arkin cast her as Patsy. "I sat there and tried to shoot her down," he explains, cocking his finger on the imaginary trigger of a gun, "and I couldn't.")

For the pair's wedding, the cast and crew moved downtown to the Russian Carpathian Church on East 13th Street, where Donald Sutherland made a brief cameo appearance as an unorthodox minister, and then to Borough Hall in Brooklyn for another cameo sequence with Lou Jacobi as a more orthodox judge. Back in Manhattan, the cameras went uptown to a storefront in the East Nineties for a shot of a crowd lined up to buy guns at a sale. And there was a night exterior on West End Avenue, where several hundred spectators watched Patsy and Alfred walking down the street, impervious to the city's larger murders behind them: a fire, an ambulance, smoke, and bodies being carried out on stretchers. One woman, a resident of a nearby building, stood behind the police barricade and repeatedly murmured, "Holy cow, holy cow"; aware on one level that what she was watching was the making of a film, she still responded to the fake disaster as a real event.

Two worlds—one external, one internal—are central to Arkin's concept for the film version. Inside the apartment, there are only meager hints of violence: the semicomic refrain of an anonymous telephone breather; an elaborate door-alarm system. All is quiet and seemingly invulnerable, while outside the world goes mad. With the aid of New York as his sight and sound system, Arkin is reinforcing this idea, maintaining a constant level of street noise that abruptly vanishes when the action moves inside.

"A stylized, external world of stray violence"—Jon Korkes, Vincent Gardenia, and Elliott Gould.

In most of the recently published interviews with him, Alan Arkin radiates the image of a man who has been subpoenaed as a witness for his own prosecution. He is wary, slow to volunteer information, a bit shy, and tends to toss off jokes and imitations instead of giving answers. When I was introduced to him on the first day of shooting, all these qualities were apparent, and it occurred to me that if he were to relate to me as anything but the enemy, it would take much of the nine weeks. Simply by my being around so much of the time (and I was mistaken, in fact, more than once for the story consultant or editor), a lot of the tension eased, and, with it (plus a couple of pinball games), a good deal of the artificiality of the interview context relaxed as well.

Some of Arkin's reticence to discuss the picture is genuine and, as I came to believe with him, justified. "I really don't want to say anything about the film," he repeated again and again, "because I don't want to prejudice anyone in advance. The film has to speak for itself." And later, there was a qualifier: "I really enjoy directing—there's a lot more giving in it than in acting, and the past nine weeks have been one of the best periods in my life. But in a way, it's all fun, all games and circuses, and then, all of a sudden, someone's asking me about film, and my theories, and my voice is way down here, and it's 'Oh, oh, tell us, Mr. Arkin. . . .'" (When

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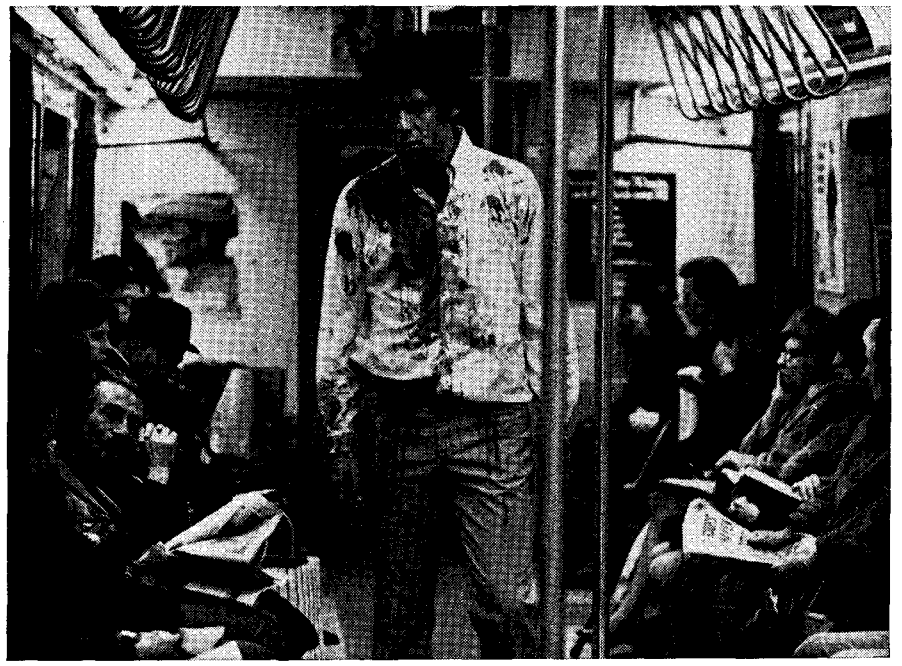

"The play and the city form an unrelenting mental metropolis"—Elliott Gould in New York subway scene.

he is talking, his eyes capitalize the word film, his voice dropping to a mock valedictorian, sermon seriousness, as if to say that being interviewed makes him feel as if he is pontificating.)

Making his debut as a feature director, Arkin, at thirty-six, is under tremendous pressure, and it shows—despite the confidence and friendliness that surround him, and the general consensus that he's terribly good with actors. In this regard, his decision to cast Elizabeth Wilson, Vincent Gardenia, and Jon Korkes—the original Off-Broadway members of the Newquist family—in the film version has been a wise one. Not only is each of them superb, but Arkin had worked with all three before; their strong sense of rapport relieved some of the strain. (Korkes, in Arkin's opinion, may be the best young actor he's ever seen.)

At the outset, Arkin knew little technically, and modestly admits, with only two short films (*T.G.I.F.* and *People Soup*) and some still photography behind him, to having been scared. He had to learn, for example, the very real difference that a single foot in the placement of the camera can make, and the kinds of control that can be exercised in a studio as opposed to an outdoor location. In these and other matters, he had to rely on the advice and abilities of a knowledgeable director of photography, Gordon Willis (whose camerawork in three films, *End of the Road, Loving,* and *The Landlord,* was in each case the best reason for seeing the movie), of whom he can't speak highly enough, and camera operator Mike Chapman.

As a director, Arkin is his own best audience, instinctively sensing what he wants as much as actually knowing it. When he gets it, he reacts noticeably: laughing hysterically as Jon Korkes playing Kenny breaks up the crew during a dinner-table sequence; responding to a long, talky monologue by Gould as being "hair-raising." The verbosity of the script disturbs him slightly; it is great dialogue, and Feiffer and he have worked to condense it, but a part of him says there is still too much of it. From his days with Second City and as a stage director, he brings a delight in improvisation, an ability not only to perceive the best take to print but a flexibility also to capitalize on what is unpremeditated in a shot, to encourage and capture it within the frame.

After eight weeks of shooting—weeks that had included giving a high school class a personal tour around the set, grimly and rhetorically repeating Brodsky's joke that by the time the film comes out "people will want to know why Arkin is doing such old hat, sentimental material," and rapping with me about such films as *Citizen Kane* (a picture he initially respected but now finds "cold and self-seeking" once he stopped being enthralled by sheer form)—Arkin was ready to direct himself in the film's third cameo role: that of Lieutenant Practice, the hysterical policeman who finds himself faced with a city full of unsolved homicides. It was also the first week of press screenings of *Catch-22*—a reminder of the other half of Arkin's career. Watching him balance the pressures of three separate roles made me understand and sympathize to an even greater extent with his interview wariness and weariness.

In turn, observing and interacting with him made me reassess my own role and return to the most basic level of respect I have for the difficulties involved in the creative process—a premise I acknowledge but rarely draw upon in film criticism. In more than one way, the time I spent with Arkin and the filming over nine weeks was more valuable than the rhetoric of four years of college: in its very practical demonstration that the attributing of responsibility for every component of a film to a single man is absurd; in proving that behind all of the romanticism that clings to contemporary film-making lies hard, rigorous work.

There is an unsettling transition when the observer is seduced into the arena, when reportage becomes secondary to an interest in the film's success. I don't know when this happened for me, just that it did—perhaps on the day Vincent Gardenia's tie accidentally caught in the gun he was handing to Gould, possibly on the day Arkin first permitted me to attend rushes, or even on that initial day on 90th Street. In any case, the last days of filming were again on location, this time up in the Catskills at the Concord. These scenes, scheduled to take four days, took three; the film finished a day early and a little under budget on the evening of June 11—rarities given the fact that both producer and director were making their debuts.

With cha-cha lessons over a loudspeaker at the pool, and a fire chiefs' convention inside, the Concord was its own Catch-22 of logic. As a Fifties setting for a 1970 film, the resort seemed an ironic, appropriate place to wrap up the movie. For Arkin, the three days were somewhat anticlimactic; what remained were short, crucial scenes of an aggressive Patsy wooing Alfred against a backdrop of archery, dancing, horseback riding, swimming, tennis, and bowling.

But the real shooting was over, and Arkin jokingly referred to one take as the "American Tragedy shot," to another as the "Goodbye, Columbus bit." As members of the crew departed, some of them to start work on another Manhattan-based film, *Who Is Harry Kellerman?,* Arkin was already involved with preparing the film's rough cut with editor Howard Kuperman. Getting away from New York severed the production from its umbilical city pulse, from Feiffer's face-lift of Americana, and it seemed incongruous to be there. Now, if only America's little murders would stop long enough for the film to catch up.

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A scene from Universal's "The Andromeda Strain"—"The reality of each shot became a passion."

DIRECTORS AT WORK—III

WISE IN HOLLYWOOD

by ARTHUR KNIGHT

The In thing in Hollywood these days, it seems, is to proclaim the death of the big studios, a proposition that is not difficult to sustain when one visits most of the lots out here. The silence, the inactivity, the emptiness are almost oppressive. Several studios have closed their once bustling commissaries. At Paramount, generally you now can park your car on the famous Western street, with its rows of wooden frontier shops and houses, and a man-made mountain hovering in the background. Metro has already auctioned off its treasure-trove of props and costumes; another studio —no one dares guess which—reputedly has had its own inventory appraised with the same purpose in mind. On a clear day, you can almost see buzzards circling in the skies over Los Angeles.

Without question, the next year or so will witness drastic revisions and reorganizations within the motion picture industry. Reshuffling has already begun in the higher echelons, while staffs have been cut to the bone. And further, many independents have taken to searching around outside the industry altogether for their financing, making distribution deals with the majors only after their picture has been completed. Or, more often, they take the studio's money and run—run as far from the lot as possible, in the manner of Dennis Hopper with *Easy Rider* or his forthcoming *The Last Movie,* which he shot in Peru.

Despite all this convincing evidence to the contrary, however, the persistent rumor that the studios are dead is, as they like to say about the theater, premature. There are, and presumably ever will be, some movies that simply could never be made without both the technical facilities and the financial resources of a major studio. To date, and without exception, the independent financing secured outside the industry has been in terms of a half-million dollars and under; the multimillion-dollar movie still requires the underwriting of an established firm that can amortize the considerable risks of a single production over a wide range of films. More importantly, like them or loathe them, these costly spectaculars demand stages, settings, costumes, and sometimes special effects that may well tax the staff and full resources of any major studio, but would be utterly impossible with anything less.

The Andromeda Strain, currently nearing completion at Universal, is such a picture. Actually, as with most studio-based productions today, it might best be described as a semi-independent. Robert Wise, its astute producer-director, discovered Michael Crichton's highly topical science-fiction novel while it was still in galleys, and

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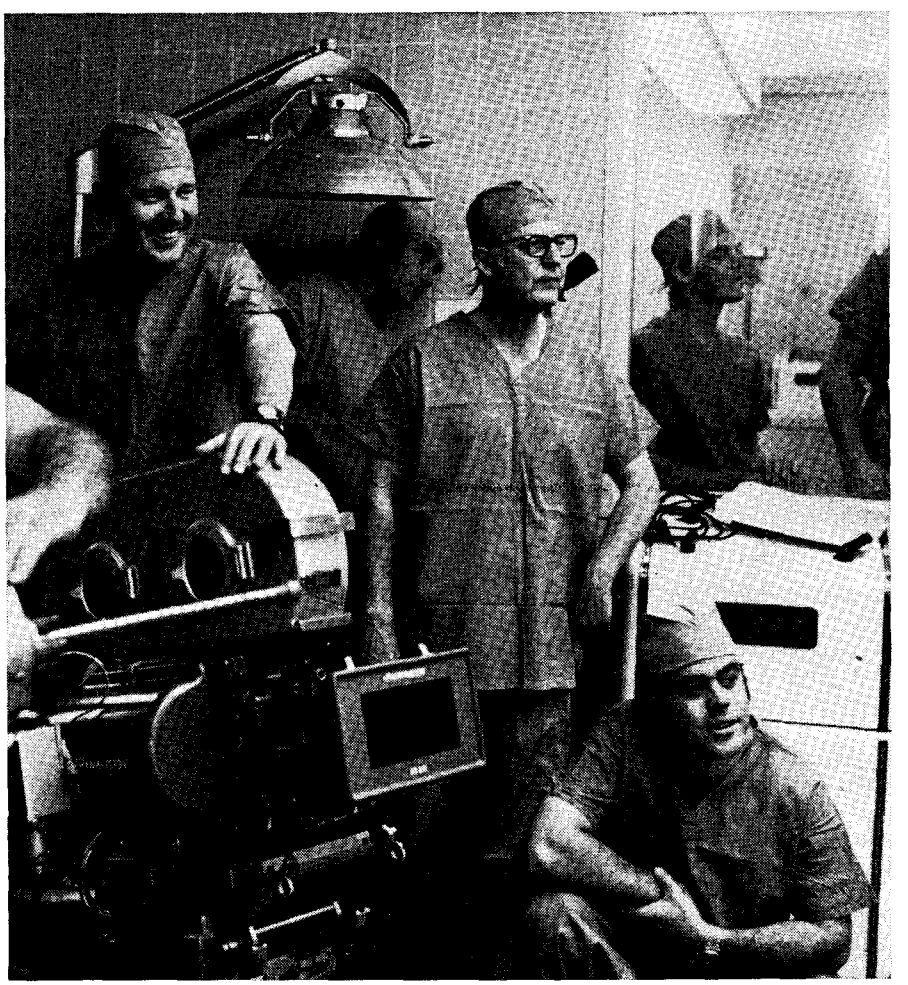
promptly decided that he wanted to do it. Since his previous efforts had been *The Sound of Music* and *The Sand Pebbles*, and he had just finished working on *Star!*, he felt that it was time to break away from a growing identification with costumes and musicals. *The Andromeda Strain* offered a respectable escape route; but the asking price was $350,000 for the rights, and Twentieth Century-Fox, then Wise's home studio, had little confidence in the project. It would be difficult to ascertain whether Universal had any more confidence in Crichton's novel, still unpublished at the time, but they did want Robert Wise. This was before *Airport* had shored up Universal's finances, and the higher echelons at the studio seemed to feel that, at the very least, his presence on the lot might shore up their prestige. Besides, with more than thirty pictures to his credit in almost as many years as a director, he was regarded as a money-maker. He was worth the gamble. Universal purchased the story for his independent company and agreed to back him to the tune of $6-million (which ended up as closer to $6.5-million).

Ensconced in a bungalow suite on the Universal lot, Wise selected Nelson Gidding, who had worked with him on many previous films, to prepare the screenplay on what is known in the trade as a "step deal"—meaning that the writer can be paid off and the entire production canceled after the submission of a treatment, a first draft of the screenplay, or even after the preparation of a final draft. But Gidding's script won the approval of the gentlemen in Universal's "Black Tower," and the full $6-million agreed upon was made available to Wise to proceed with production. Gambling with their money, Wise put together a cast that must have caused the studio considerable consternation, particularly since Universal is known for its aversion to expensive movies without stars. "I wanted my set to be the star," Wise later explained. A stubby, graying man with steady eyes, a straight-line mouth, and a determined set to his jaw, he won his point. While the cast that Wise ultimately assembled, headed by such seasoned performers as Arthur Hill, David Wayne, and Kate Reid, could hardly be termed unknowns, neither are they of the box-office stature normally selected by a studio to carry a multimillion-dollar movie.

From an artistic standpoint, at least, Wise was completely right. Gidding's script is extremely faithful to Crichton's best-selling novel, which has to do with a team of scientists in a top-secret underground lab and their efforts, dubbed Operation Wildfire, to isolate a pulsating, mutating new germ, brought back from a space probe, that can kill on contact. A few star names could easily throw the team effect out of balance; more seriously, the presence of a number of star faces might well undermine the documentary style that Wise had already envisaged for this science-fiction adventure. To lend a similar authenticity to the installations of Operation Wildfire, so vividly—and, ironically, so easily—described by Crichton in his book, Wise brought in another long-time associate from earlier efforts, designer Boris Leven, a slender, pipe-smoking artist and architect who looks like a cross between Sherlock Holmes and Charlie Butterworth. Leven designed sets and scientific hardware to dress his sets that, before the shooting was over, not only had won the approbation of some of the leading aerospace experts in Southern California but had them trying to incorporate his inventive concepts into their own labs, installations, and equipment.

It is in the physical backup of a production of this kind that the big studio operation is seen at its best. While the script was still approaching its final form and casting had just got under way, scouts were out on a six-state search throughout the Southwest for the ghost town that would stand in for Crichton's Piedmont, New Mexico (they settled for Shafter, Texas, 200 miles southeast of El Paso), and for the uninhabited area around Flatrock, Nevada, where the novel had located the Desert Reclamation Station of the U.S. Department of Agriculture that serves as a "front" for Wildfire's five-story underground installation (Ocotillo Wells, a flat, sun-baked stretch of sand and scrub southwest of California's Salton Sea was finally selected).

Because the Ocotillo Wells location was supposed to suggest agricultural experimentation, early last January—fully five weeks before the start of photography—a Universal crew set out a tremendous network of irrigation pipes across the desert and planted hundreds of acres of corn. When desert winds destroyed the shoots, the crew replanted with barley. In the center of the barley, another team of studio workmen took three weeks to erect the station—three-quarters of a two-story, cream-colored, shingle-roofed struc-



"'I wanted my set to be the star'"—producer-director Robert Wise (wearing glasses) during filming of "The Andromeda Strain."

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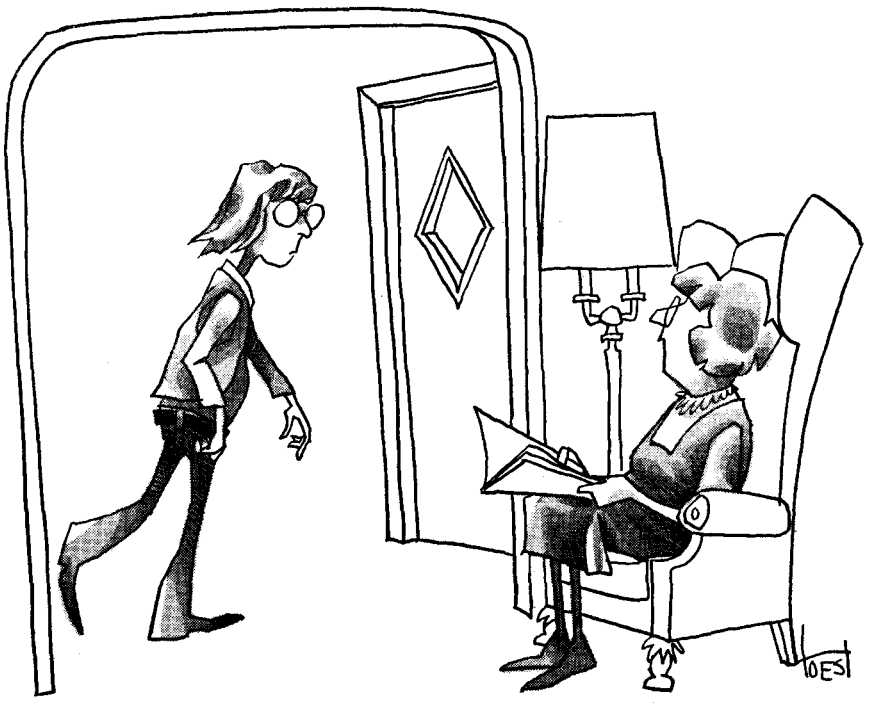

"Before you have your teach-in, think-in, love-in, or whatever, it's garbage-out!"

ture with a wide, gray porch, looking as if it might at one time have been a comfortable farmhouse. "As it turned out," said Leven, puffing on his inevitable pipe, "most agricultural stations are part of state universities. So after looking at hundreds of photographs, I had to invent one." This building alone cost the studio close to $40,000 to construct. For the shooting, which took place in May (by which time the barley stood perhaps ten inches above the ground), a caravan of ten trucks and eighty-eight crewmen left the studio and spent three days on location. The entire sequence—building and barley—remains on screen for perhaps two minutes.

Meanwhile, back at Universal, the Wildfire sets were beginning to go up. One tends to think of a picture as occupying the whole of a single sound stage. When a setting is finished with, it is struck, and, miraculously, the next one appears there in the morning. Not at all. A major production may tie up numerous stages for weeks on end. *The Andromeda Strain* required three, and for just short of six months. Two were devoted to ingeniously constructed laboratories and their related rooms in the underground installation (with about $3-million worth of authentic scientific equipment on loan from such firms as North American Rockwell and the Jet Propulsion Laboratory). Cavernous Stage 12, one of the largest on the Universal lot, held the heart of the film: the vast, cylindrical, metal-lined core of Operation Wildfire, five stories high, and also the tubular corridor that encircles it. Readers of *The Andromeda Strain* will recall that at each of the five levels the corridor was painted a different color—charcoal, blue, maroon, green, and white in descending order. Since this set alone cost more than $250,000, viewers of the film will, hopefully, forgive Universal for using the same plaster-cast, Masonite-lined corridor—125 feet in diameter—five times and recoloring it with a different metallic lacquer on each occasion.

According to a sign posted near the double doors that lead into Stage 12, it is 200 × 149 feet and measures 50 feet 6 inches from floor to grid. The core set that Boris Leven designed extends one-and-a-half levels *above* the grid, with an exterior elevator to convey cast and crew to almost the very top. (The last ten feet or so requires the portage of cameras, lights—and visitors—over a series of rickety catwalks and ladders that would make a superb finale for a Hitchcock movie.) The set, however, does not extend merely from studio floor to ceiling. For the lowest level of this gray, tubular structure, with its five levels of metal catwalk and a narrow ladder extending its entire height, Universal permitted Wise's company to excavate 15 feet *below* the concrete floor of the studio. (A fair-sized mountain of dirt near the rear entrance to Stage 12 indicates that, once shooting is over, it will all be replaced.) The point is that only a studio working on one of its own productions would authorize such a desecration in the first place.

Again, one of the strengths of an established studio is the well-trained manpower in its many departments. Leven has said that only in Hollywood and England would it be possible to find craftsmen sufficiently skilled to meet the special demands of his designs—and in England, he added, they are far better at creating fancy moldings than the ingenious flats and fittings of his Wildfire settings. Similarly, studio camera departments are constantly experimenting with new lenses, new film stocks, new lights to provide an ever widening range of visual expression for the film-maker. While the diopter lens is not precisely new, certainly it has never before been as intensively used as in *The Andromeda Strain*. Essentially, it is a glass placed over the normal camera lens that magnifies one preselected portion of the image and reproduces the remainder without distortion, thus intensifying the sense of depth or distance within a shot. Richard Kline, the cinematographer on the picture, estimates that one out of every three shots he took was made in this fashion, often with a large head in the foreground while other action, also in sharp focus, took place beyond.

In one setup, photographed from the very top of the Wildfire core while actor James Olson climbs a perilous ladder with real lasers training their green beams upon him and supposedly noxious gases fuming below, Wise fussed about with an extra-large diopter, a rectangle of glass surrounded by a pinewood frame. The shot was lined up, realigned, realigned again. After almost an hour, the shot was declared impossible; there was no way to follow focus as the actor climbed toward the camera that would not reveal the diopter's special trick. "But when you spend three hours setting up the lights," Wise said, just before calling a lunch break, "it would be foolish not to take another half hour or so to try for a really exciting shot"—even though time in the studio averages out to about $10,000 every hour.

Wise, originally a film editor, was literally turned on by the photographic possibilities of *The Andromeda Strain*. When ordinary light failed to reveal with proper intensity the accumulation of corpses in Piedmont, the touchdown site of the space missile, he ordered a second run-through of the scene, this time with the helicopter-borne cameras loaded with infrared film. The whole purpose of building the agricultural station near Ocotillo Wells, with its surrounding field of barley, was to avoid all sense of rear-projection fakery. When, in a corridor shot looking out toward the fields, a tractor featured in the background action fell into a rut, Wise merely said into his walkie-talkie, "Bring out the other tractor." For a scene in which David

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Wayne and Kate Reid drive up a deserted road to the installation, he had a door removed from the car and an automatic camera lashed to the side, which Wayne triggered. While Wayne drove, Wise crouched on the floor in the rear, following the script and recording the dialogue with a small, portable Nagra.

The reality of each shot became a passion. For the sequences photographed within Wildfire, with their extended use of sophisticated, closed-circuit television sets, the televised images are not simulated. Ordinarily, such scenes are filmed by an optically printed matte process that invariably gives itself away by revealing a thin white or purple line between the TV set and the picture. Each of the innumerable television sets seen in *The Andromeda Strain* is for real, with all of the images fed into them on live channels. What makes this so extraordinary is the fact that these images include action—the proliferation of the strain itself, to be precise—that, mercifully, does not exist in this world.

For these sequences, the high point of his film, Wise turned to the youthful Douglas Trumbull, who created the memorable space flight effects for the climax of Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey*. Trumbull's specialty is computerized animation, complicated in the extreme. For a sequence depicting Andromeda's growth, lasting perhaps thirty seconds on the screen, twenty-two hours of continuous computerized shooting was involved—and four months of preparation prior to that. The hexagons representing the nucleus of the strain explode and implode simultaneously, they change color, they increase in volume. Despite the complex data fed into Trumbull's machinery, the sequence still had to be processed and reprocessed six times to produce all of the desired colorations and permutations. Until the animation was successfully completed, two weeks later than scheduled, Wise had to shoot around it, retaining essential sets—and borrowed, expensive equipment—for the moment when they, and it, would play their part in the completed film.

Through it all, Wise remained monumentally unflappable. When word came to Ocotillo Wells that the animation sequences were not quite ready, even though these were the scenes he had planned to shoot on the return to the studio, he calmly laid out other sequences that might take their place. When actors flubbed lines, he quietly paced the set until camera and sound were ready for retakes. Then, in his quiet, patient voice, he would say—for the hundredth time—"Here we go now. Settle down. Action?" The final word was part command, part hope. The only thing that disturbs his equanimity is sheer, almost willful stupidity—a grip whose feet remain in view of the camera after he has been asked to leave the set, a workman who leaves tracks on a newly painted floor. Then he grumbles his dissatisfaction in muttered asides to the assistants who surround him. He never purposely seeks to embarrass the culprit, which in itself is rare in Hollywood.

It takes a major studio to muster the resources that make possible an *Andromeda Strain*. It takes the authority of a major studio to empower one of its minions, on the Ocotillo Wells location, to phone through to Wise, "I'm holding a border patrolman here. Shall I let him through?" (Throughout their three days in this area, shooting was frequently interrupted by motor patrols and Piper Cubs on the lookout for wetbacks.) It takes the staff of a major studio to work out the logistics of support that can keep a large company functioning smoothly throughout four months of principal photography.

"Where have you been? According to the radio, you were deposed four hours ago."

Just as *The Andromeda Strain*—both the film and the novel—is locked into the implacable present, with its search for viable ways out for the future of the human race, so is Robert Wise. "He is a fatalist," says Boris Leven, meaning not that Wise looks toward the future with doom-cast eyes, but that he accepts the present as it unquestionably is, and does what he can to make it better. He accepts, for example, the studio system, functions well within it himself, and uses his considerable power and prestige to assist younger men in whom he believes. Last year, for example, he backed the youthful John Flynn in his first production, *The Sergeant*. This year he is responsible for James Bridges's forthcoming *The Baby Maker*. (In both instances, because of his own commitments, Wise turned over the producer reins on these to Richard Goldstone, a friend who had given *him* his first taste of success with *The Set-Up*, more than twenty years ago.)

On *The Andromeda Strain*, Wise surrounded himself with young people. Steven Henschel, a USC undergraduate with a grant from the American Film Institute, served as liaison between Wise and Douglas Trumbull, a chore that Henschel described as "probably the most important break of my life." Keeping track of the extensive paperwork, including the complicated location payrolls, was Walter Dominguez, a trainee sponsored by the Motion Picture Association and the Directors Guild. On his own, Wise added to his payroll Jon Bloom, a student at Antioch College, who functioned as a production assistant as part of his Antioch work-study program. All are in their early twenties, while Trumbull, the computer expert, is a ripe twenty-eight.

Robert Wise believes in young people. He also believes that a place can be found for them within the formerly inhospitable walls of the studios, if those walls don't come tumbling down. Indeed, he feels strongly that the survival of the industry depends upon the encouragement of young people who, like himself, can fashion a *modus vivendi* within the studio system. For the studio system hasn't died. Not yet. It is just awaiting the next blood transfusion from another *Sound of Music*—or, perhaps, an *Andromeda Strain*.

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All Hail Andy Barker

If we had to vote right now for the man of the year, our choice would be Andy Barker, mayor of Love Valley, a tiny town in North Carolina with a total population of seventy-four. Love Valley was the appropriately named scene last month of a three-day rock festival that attracted 75,000 young people. Mayor Barker handled the event with the kind of aplomb, friendliness, and wisdom that is badly needed at a time when too many people seem eager to connect their prejudices to their tempers and to believe the worst of one another.

Toward the end of the festival, a blue-jeaned, flaxen-haired girl told a reporter: "Mayor Barker is groovy. I really dig this place. I might even want to live here someday."

Mayor Barker was equally complimentary. "They're just beautiful," he said.

"Aren't you offended by the boys' beards?" a reporter asked him.

"My grandfather wore a beard and he thought that men who shaved were trying to imitate women."

The reporter persisted. "What about long hair on boys?"

"Our Lord wore long hair," Mr. Barker replied. "More recently, so did George Washington and Thomas Jefferson."

"Don't you object to your town being overrun?"

"We like visitors here. Don't get too many of them. There isn't a soul in this town who won't go out of his way to make these young people feel at home."

"Aren't you afraid that 75,000 people running through this town will leave it in a shambles?"

"We told our visitors they are welcome here and we would do everything we could to be of service to them. And you know what they told us? They told us they would do everything they could to show us how much they appreciated our hospitality. They said they would have their own marshals for maintaining order and they would do the cleaning up. I believe them. I know the truth when I hear it."

"Don't you find their ideas repugnant?"

"No, I was taught as a child that if I listened I might learn something. So I'm listening. And I'm learning."

"You mean you can make sense out of what they say?"

"Doesn't seem all that strange to me. Maybe if more folks listened they wouldn't be so angry towards these youngsters and the youngsters wouldn't be so angry towards them."

"You mean you actually like them?"

Andy Barker smiled. "You bet I do."

Out of the 75,000 people who came to the festival, only one out of ten managed to buy tickets. All were determined to get in. The situation could easily have mushroomed into a dangerous stampede. Mayor Barker had a simple solution.

"We'll let everyone in who wants to come in, whether they have tickets or not," he said.

How do seventy-four people go about feeding 75,000 visitors who suddenly descend upon them? Improvised stands were set up for dispensing sandwiches, cakes, milk, coffee, lemonade, beer, and soft drinks. For those who didn't have money to buy food, the town raised enough cash to bring in truckloads of food, which was dispensed free.

What about marijuana, LSD, and everything else that goes with the drug scene? The young people arranged for their own emergency OD (overdose of drugs) squads and clinics. Mayor Barker helped to recruit doctors from the surrounding area not just for OD problems but to administer the kind of help that is necessary whenever thousands of human beings congregate in a small area. The mayor and the people of Love Valley met the problem of latrines and baths by borrowing field facilities from nearby Army posts and by setting up community showers.

A reporter asked Mayor Barker whether he was shocked by the fact that separation between the sexes was not being scrupulously observed in the community showers.

"I'm just darned glad the showers are working," he said.

"Doesn't it bother you that both sexes are together in the same showers?"

"I thought folks were bothered because young people don't wash enough. Now they are complaining because they don't like the way they wash. I guess there's just no pleasing some people."

The mayor was asked if he was surprised to see so many youngsters at church that morning. The mayor replied he was pleased but not surprised; he commented that, so far as he could tell, what the youngsters had been saying all along wasn't too different from what the minister had said.

So far as we know, the reporters didn't ask Mayor Barker to comment on the "immorality" of the younger generation, particularly those of the hippie variety. If they had, we feel certain Andy Barker would have said that immorality begins with hate and that the important thing about his visitors was the striking absence of hate. Judging from Andy Barker's other observations, he would probably find it difficult to regard people as "moral" if they were insensitive to one another—no matter how socially and legally acceptable their behavior might be otherwise. Mayor Barker probably could have cited some people who claim virtue publicly but who privately don't hesitate to carve up other people when they have power over them or when it is advantageous to do so. Morality, he might say, is not a code but a way of life.

We don't know anything about Andy Barker's politics, but anyone with his talent for managing a party obviously can write his own ticket. —N.C.

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Letters to the Editor

The Good Life?

DR. CARL BINGER's reflections on the good life in "Living High on Wit, Wisdom, and Love" [*SR*, July 25] might be convincing to the Palm Beach set and the beautiful people on the cocktail circuit, but I doubt whether they have much relevance to the whole order of society. He counsels us to enjoy life in all of its "sensuous delight," to accept ourselves with all our imperfections (which are, after all, "common to the species"), and to avoid feelings of guilt, which serve only to undermine our capacity for pleasure.

But what has this sunny philosophical disposition to say in the light of the world's oppressed? True, Dr. Binger does acknowledge the existence of the less fortunate, but what word does he have in relation to *their* good life?

I wonder, for example, should we plop Dr. Binger into some slum in St. Louis or Watts or Boston, if he would continue to discover life's fullness in "the enjoyment of one's daily life, its texture, its smells and colors and sounds." Would he, among the squalid conditions of ghetto existence, still enjoin us "to enjoy each day, to relish to the full the pleasure of the senses, including good food, good wine, and good music, amid beautiful surroundings" in order to find "the way of perfection"?

Of course not. Dr. Binger's "good life" is tacit materialism.

PAUL BROWN,
Bethel College,
McKenzie, Tenn.

Doing Something About TV

I READ with great interest "What Do We Do About Television?" by FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson [*SR*, July 11]. The organization I represent, Viewer Sponsored Television Foundation, is in the process of responding to the question posed in the article's title.

Mr. Johnson has defined what we feel are the basic social-political-moral problems of television. We at VSTV have focused our efforts on a widely recognized but rarely acted upon problem: the lack of "hard-issue" or controversial programing on both commercial and educational television. The enormity of this deficiency is documented by a study done at the University of North Carolina (July 1969, Timothy Counts, *Three California Television Stations: A Survey of Public Affairs and Entertainment Content*). The study yielded the startling statistic that during prime time, neither KNXT (CBS affiliate in Los Angeles) nor KCET (educational television in Los Angeles) programed more than 1 per cent of subjects of a controversial nature. KQED (educational television in San Francisco) peaked at only 3 per cent. By contrast, VSTV's objective is to devote 70 per cent of prime time to controversial, public affairs programing.

Heeding Johnson's admonition to "expand your media mind," VSTV has applied for the last remaining television channel in Los Angeles, UHF channel 58. The channel will reach more than eight million people in the greater Los Angeles area.

"Corporate censorship" in commercial broadcasting is easily understood. That corporate censorship is comparable in educational TV is beginning to be recognized by the general public. As long ago as October 1967, Joseph Morgenstern wrote in *Newsweek*: "Poverty (insufficient funding) cannot excuse the absence of truly unpopular or unexpected views in ETV's staple programing. Poverty cannot, but fear can. Local station managers are afraid of the wealth and influence represented by their local boards of directors. The members of these boards are afraid of pressure groups within their communities."

To guarantee programing that is relevant to the social and political problems of our time, VSTV is employing a radical new organizational structure. We are "listener supported," in the tradition of the Pacifica radio stations, but we are unique in the following: 1) board membership is restricted to "socially concerned media professionals and community activists," who are very much "turned on" to the "impact of television on society as a whole"; 2) members of the board of directors are elected by the viewer sponsors ($2.50 per year for residents of low-income areas, $12 for students, $25 for all others); and 3) proportional representation of ghetto and barrio community leaders is insured in the by-laws of the station.

Financially, VSTV is setting what we believe may be a precedent in the state of California, by requesting what is in effect a loan of $100 from 3,500 citizens as a means of generating the preponderance of the funding necessary to financially qualify before the Federal Communications Commission. These efforts have been very successful.

Marshall McLuhan has commented, "The VSTV idea is a natural and necessary development of the nature of television" (February 1970, letter from Marshall McLuhan to Professor Harry Skornia, member of the VSTV Board of Directors). We have discovered a means of raising the necessary money without going to the customary controlling sources. We urge others to follow our lead in their communities.

CLAYTON L. STOUFFER,
President,
Viewer Sponsored Television
Foundation,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Echoes of Nuremberg

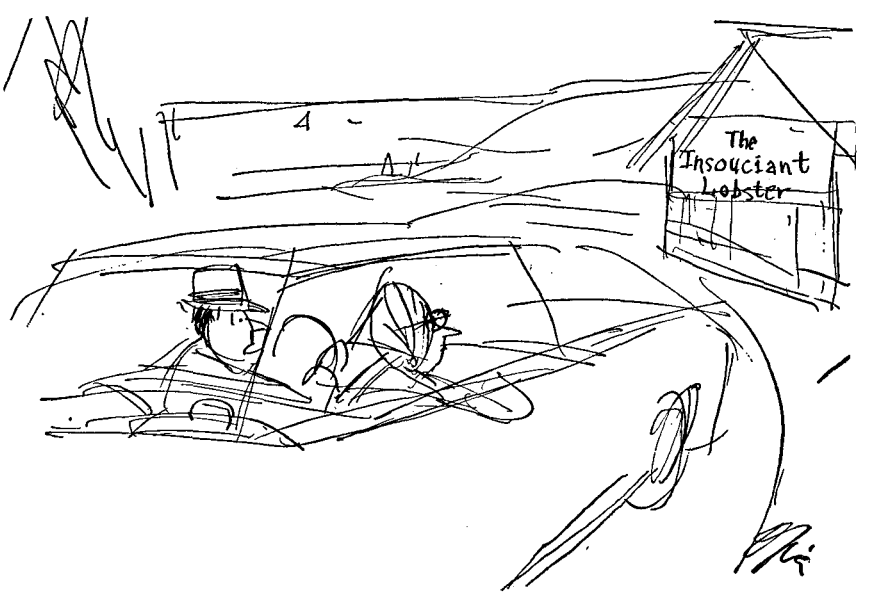
THE ARTICLE "Is Nuremberg Coming Back to Haunt Us?" by James B. Reston, Jr., [*SR*, July 18] linking the rulings of Nuremberg and the Mylai incident has done much more than the finger-pointing wire-press accounts in giving a precise overview of the tragedy's implications.

War may be war, but that fact does not give an overriding excusability for such crimes against humanity. Something most certainly must be done, and Mr. Reston makes that point with alarming clarity. Never can Americans afford to allow national pride to gain precedence over international justice.

ROBERT E. DUNHAM,
Clearwater, Fla.

A SMALL POINT on James Reston's excellent article on war crimes: The atomic bomb was dropped on Nagasaki on August 9, 1945, and not August 8. The irony of our signing the charter of the International Military Tribunal, nonetheless, sadly remains.

DAVID C. WARHEIT,
San Jose, Calif.



"Search me. But let's try it anyhow."

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Love with Caution

THE American Shakespeare Festival Theatre is currently enjoying the most successful season in its sixteen-year history. Of its three attractions (*All's Well That Ends Well*, *The Devil's Disciple*, and *Othello*), it is the tragedy that has drawn the highest praise. The praise is fully deserved, for one of our greatest actors, Moses Gunn, is playing the title role with a superb personal audacity.

Gunn begins with a quiet, jaunty ease to emanate the cautiously triumphant happiness of an older man whose spirits have miraculously been lifted by the discovery that a girl a generation younger than himself loves him totally. That there is a racial difference between them, too, concerns him not at all. He has lived with prejudice and is more amused than angered by it, as he indicates by the humorously rebuking way in which he answers the white man's charge that he has used drugs or voodoo magic to make Desdemona fall in love with him. For the moment, he is simply happy with his good fortune. But at the same time there is in his eyes a glint of sadness. He knows somehow that what is to come will be painful and tragic, and that this is the price of accepting a present from the gods. So, it is a sadly happy bridegroom who defies the world's opprobrium with his guiltless and guileless simplicity.

We sense that Othello is fluctuating between two extremes. Having accepted the role Desdemona has offered him, he cannot turn back. As he reminds himself, "and when I love thee not, chaos is come again." On the other hand, loving her too much is dangerous, too. Yet, the tragic results of loving her "not wisely but too well" may to an old man be preferable to chaos.

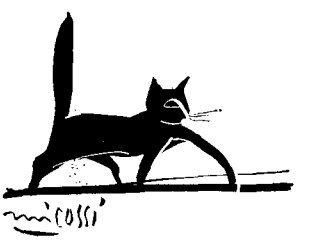
Indeed, we see in Gunn's performance a reluctance to become jealous, and a simultaneous unconscious seeking of a sure excuse for the killing of Desdemona. A day-to-day uncertainty about the extent of her love for him is more disturbing than a clear and absolute catastrophe.

The actor's delivery of Shakespeare's lines is unusual and remarkable (it would be criminal if a record company does not make a recording of it). Every word, every sentence is weighed as it is spoken. In the speech leading up to his epileptic seizure, separate phrases trickle crookedly out like tributary streams into a roaring river. In the strangling of Desdemona he is most compelling, because his drawn-out, bewailing syllables so strangely express the ecstasy of his grief, as if he were entering some new territory completely outside the world.

Gunn's performance is less explosive than what we have come to expect from Othellos. This is not because he is incapable of such dynamism. Indeed, in the scene where he publicly strikes Desdemona, he does make a marvelously explosive transition from anger to sarcasm. But it is Gunn's choice to give us a generally gentle Othello, and instead of being thrilled by a crescendo of mounting theatrical peaks, we find ourself more thoroughly involved and more genuinely moved by the totality of his exploration.

All the actors move with catlike grace and assurance. As Iago, Lee Richardson is a revelation. Those who saw him last season in the Minnesota Theatre Company's production of *The Homecoming* were delighted with the bluff humor he found in the role of Max. Here he uses much the same approach (Peter Hall used to say that playing Pinter helped the Royal Shakespeare Company to perform Shakespeare), and the result is a delightfully cocky and unregenerate Iago. He seems not so much a villain as a barbaric man playing out a casually accepted role. He enjoys each moment of the sport and is jauntily proud of his ability to affect the appearance of a loyal sergeant who knows his place, while he is robbing everyone blind. He is most truly funny when he is asked by Othello to voice his private suspicions. "Utter my thoughts?" he replies in mock astonishment, as if Othello had breached etiquette. Thus, just as Othello is eternally trapped within his own sadness, so is Iago the continued victim of his own merry nature. And Richardson is utterly refreshing as he performs all the rascality without malice or remorse.

Roberta Maxwell is a most convincing Desdemona, portraying her as a girl who can stand on her own feet to defy her father and weave an indestructible love for Othello. She makes it clear that the tragedy is not the loss of lives, but the inability of that love to coexist with the ways of the world. Jan Miner as a women's lib Emilia, Peter Thompson as a snobbish Cassio, Josef Sommer as a suicidally stubborn Brabantio, and John Tillinger as the humorously ineffectual Roderigo also contribute to the success of this most unusual, most profound, and most unstrained *Othello*.



Bruce Jay Friedman's *Steambath* has a lot of theatricality going for it. The whole play takes place on a stage filled with live steam and an assortment of men wearing towels. It seems to be an ordinary Turkish bath until a woman blithely walks in, removes her terry cloth robe, and takes a shower center stage. Clearly, something's amiss. Then a Puerto Rican attendant comes through mopping the floor. Without pausing, he shouts into a TV monitor some strange instructions about specific misfortunes for particular people in various parts of the world. At this point, the play's central character, a young man named Tandy, suspects that he is dead, and challenges the attendant to prove that he is God.

After a few charades, Tandy is convinced. But now the attendant begins to send the steambath's inhabitants through a door to oblivion, and we feel a certain sympathy for God, who has such a lousy job. All of this is laced with Friedman's caustic and overextended humor. However, near the end of the play a fine dramatic idea is introduced. Tandy pleads with God to send him back to life so that he can do all the things he had begun but not finished. But as he talks about his terrific, new, quiet girl friend who practically brings him the newspaper in her teeth, he confesses that he will get tired of her and move on to another who won't be the answer either. Similarly, his description of his friends, his project of writing a book on Charlemagne, and his lack of a meaningful relationship with his child reveal either that he is a shallow person not worth resurrecting or that the world is a lousy place not worth revisiting.

Perhaps a better play could have been written had the author focused sooner and more intensely on this point. Yet, as it stands, there are effective performances by Anthony Perkins as Tandy, Hector Elizondo as God, and Conrad Bain as a rugged individualist who has lived selfishly without illusion (which appears to be about as good as you can do in the playwright's opinion). And there is enough humor—and provocative content—to make *Steambath* worth attending.

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The William Buckley Problem: Case of Nonsupport

by BENJAMIN DEMOTT

On its face, the "problem" is a matter of specific positions, ploys of argument, modes of innuendo. The writer's pet minority causes are grotesque:

He insists, for instance, that the backers of apartheid in South Africa are victims of persecution, harassed by "bigots" who have refused all effort "to understand what they are trying to do."

> The people who picked apartheid are solidly committed to it . . . they are men and women of urbanity and culture and understanding, and of courage, who are not fooling themselves, or trying to fool the world . . . [their system] is a sincere people's effort to fashion the land of peace they want so badly.
>
> —*Quotations from Chairman Bill*

His obliviousness to human and social fact and his overcommitment to abstract social theory lead him regularly to false comparison and etiological simplism:

He sees small difference, for example, between jobless blacks and rich white undergraduates, arguing that

> The riot in Detroit was merely a proletarian version of . . . white students preventing McNamara from speaking at Harvard, or a police car from leaving the premises of the University of California. . . . What caused the riots isn't segregation or poverty or frustration. What caused them is a psychological discord, which is tearing at the ethos of our society as a result of boredom, self-hatred, and the arrogant contention that all our shortcomings are the result of other people's aggressions upon us. . . . We need St. Paul, counseling patience and forbearance, and reminding us that true justice is reserved for another world. . . . The [Kerner] Commission . . . by its emphasis on the material elements of the problem . . . fails totally to account for a malaise which is mistakenly thought of as a Negro problem.
>
> —*The Governor Listeth*

Because of class fetishism and stock responses, he's inept at inquiring into the roots of any behavior that shocks him; he can "understand what they [this or that alien group] are trying to do" only when the aliens share his fundamental life-assumptions.

A seventeen-year-old black activist, out to provoke rage at the schools that "keep imposing middle-class values," mocks Bach as an "old, dead punk," to which the author of *God and Man at Yale* responds with a "noble" hauteur from which Bach himself, were he alive on The Scene, would have turned away with a grin, covering his face with a hand:

> To call the greatest genius who ever lived an "old, dead punk," the least of whose cantatas will do more to elevate the human spirit than all the black student unions born and unborn, is not so much contemptible as pitiable: conducive of that kind of separation one feels from animals, rather than from other human beings.
>
> —*The Governor Listeth*

He is favorably disposed to all de-

BENJAMIN DEMOTT is the author of the essay collections *Supergrow* and *You Don't Say*, as well as two novels, *The Body's Cage* and *A Married Man*.

THE GOVERNOR LISTETH: A Book of Inspired Political Revelations, by William F. Buckley, Jr. *(Putnam, 447 pp., $7.95);* **THE JEWELER'S EYE: A Book of Irresistible Political Reflections, by William F. Buckley, Jr.** *(Putnam, 378 pp., $6.95);* **QUOTATIONS FROM CHAIRMAN BILL: The Best of Wm. F. Buckley, Jr., compiled by David Franke** *(Arlington House, 306 pp., $6.95)*

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

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36 **"The Religion of Ethical Nationhood: Judaism's Contribution to World Peace,"** by Mordecai M. Kaplan

37 **"The Perfectionists,"** by Gail Godwin

38 **"Quarup,"** by Antônio Callado

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bater's tricks—even the slippery "merely" (as in "merely a proletarian version") and to this day hasn't forsworn the percentage game:

> . . . it is appropriate to point out that during the Johnson administration money spent on defense rose by 50 per cent, while money spent on welfare rose by 100 per cent.
>
> —*The Governor Listeth*

Code words and winks are his darlings—witness the use of "certain conditions" here:

> It does not seem to occur to anyone to remark that the exodus of white middle-class families from the cities, the rate of which has trebled in the past three years, is above all things an indication of the lengths to which people intend to go in order to avoid certain conditions. It is utterly useless to moralize about it: the people who dominate America have written their position on the matter of forcible integration with their feet.
>
> —*Quotations from Chairman Bill*

And his knowingness is the kind that's ever alert for valor in bullies and sternly proof against pacifist-fags:

> There exists, we discover, a committee that will inform young draftable Americans how to beat the draft. Among the quaint suggestions being offered is that a draftee feign homosexuality. I expect some of those who would try this dodge could make pretty convincing demonstrations.
>
> —*Quotations from Chairman Bill*

Yet, despite all this, conceiving the Buckley "problem" as a simple matter of opinions or argumentative strategies markedly reduces its interest—and does the man an injustice in the bargain. For the tiger on the "Firing Line" isn't by any means incapable of revising his views. He has, for example, moved on from reviling the Beatles:

> . . . The Beatles are not merely awful, I would consider it sacrilegious to say anything less than that they are God-awful. They are so unbelievably horrible, so appallingly unmusical, so dogmatically insensitive to the magic of the art, that they qualify as the crowned heads of antimusic.
>
> —*The Governor Listeth*

to believing in the possibility that they once made some music.

> Suddenly one day, riding in the back of the car, you look up, startled. That was *music* you just heard, blaring out of the radio. It's gone now, but not long after, you hear it again. . . . And you realize, finally, that, indeed, rock is here to stay.
>
> —*The Governor Listeth*

More important, perhaps crucial, there have always been oscillations and epicycles within his responses. The writer who despises the black lad's ignorance also celebrates the promise of young black leaders met on an Urban League tour of seventeen American cities:

> The quality and the energy—and the charm—of the black leaders in [the cities] is a major marvel: a quite extraordinary cultural and ethnic achievement. Anyone expecting to hear better speech, better organized ideas, greater enthusiasm, in the graduate schools of the Ivy League, has a pleasant surprise coming to him. The black people, graduates of ghetto schools, in some cases graduates of no schools, through their wit and grace, singing their song in a strange land, have made a triumphant entry upon the scene. —*The Governor Listeth*

He doesn't insist in every piece that the life-conditions of blacks and whites are the same: "There is universal distrust of the police [in the ghetto]. One grants — must grant — exaggeration: even so, there is an ugly residue." And while he defends the espousers of apartheid, he also speaks firmly against apathy about the Biafran slaughter:

> . . . the point is that the suffering of the Ibo people is on a scale unparalleled since the communist starvations of the kulaks in the mid-Thirties, and somehow nothing is being done about it. . . . What are we supposed to have learned from the Jewish precedent?
>
> —*The Governor Listeth*

The flexibility is often grudging, true enough—but it is a mark or symptom of an unusual writerly situation. And it is this situation that gives Mr. Buckley's case its considerable interest.

The literary voice and posture to which Mr. Buckley aspires has something in common with that invented by the great eighteenth-century ironical meditators on human vanity and fantasy, men whose manner was marked by a steely, controlled skepticism, and by an ease at conceiving intellectual differences in social terms: Those with whom "one" differs "one" presents as menials, rough fellows, house-servants or peasant-retainers deserving politeness—noblesse oblige—and pity for their lack of advantages, education, travel, experience, etc. "One" deals understandingly with them as children, or zealots, or sentimentalists, or superstitionists—people incapable of grasping life realistically, untheatrically, with a sense of probability and an awareness of the pitfalls of "enthusiasm" and fantasy. "One" shows one's patience through an elegant, reserved, yet cutting imperturbability.

Mr. Buckley has, of course, many distinguished predecessors at the labor of imitating the spokesmen of civil dis-

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

TRANSPOSITIONS

Each character named below appears in a *different* book by the author of one of the listed titles, and Peggy M. Kelbley of Nashport, Ohio, wants you to establish all the connections. Answers on page 54.

1. Isabel Archer ( )
2. Elizabeth Bennet ( )
3. Dorothea Brooke ( )
4. Miles Coverdale ( )
5. Amasa Delano ( )
6. Franny Glass ( )
7. Clyde Griffiths ( )
8. Jim Hawkins ( )
9. Nora Helmer ( )
10. John Jarndyce ( )
11. Robert Jordan ( )
12. Carol Kennicott ( )
13. Adrian Leverkühn ( )
14. Bernard Marx ( )
15. Willoughby Patterne ( )
16. Charles Primrose ( )
17. Becky Sharp ( )
18. Thomas Sutpen ( )
19. Adam Trask ( )
20. Clym Yeobright ( )

a. *Catcher in the Rye*
b. *Crome Yellow*
c. *Daisy Miller*
d. *Diana of the Crossways*
e. *The Grapes of Wrath*
f. *Hard Times*
g. *Henry Esmond*
h. *Babbitt*
i. *Light in August*
j. *The Magic Mountain*
k. *The Master of Ballantrae*
l. *The Mayor of Casterbridge*
m. *Moby Dick*
n. *Peer Gynt*
o. *The Scarlet Letter*
p. *Sense and Sensibility*
q. *She Stoops to Conquer*
r. *Silas Marner*
s. *Sister Carrie*
t. *The Sun Also Rises*

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William F. Buckley, Jr.—"the uppity world won't lie down."

tance, the gestures of ironical *de haut en bas*. G. B. Shaw in the debates of *Man and Superman* and elsewhere is among them. Skeptical elders in Henry James, from *Washington Square* through *The Ambassadors*, also speak (a little self-consciously) in something resembling the tone. And, as should be added, ruling out future achievements in the mode is a foolish business: cultures change, literary modes recover energy.

The mode in question, however, doesn't recover energy in Mr. Buckley's hands—and thereby lies his problem. One reason for the failure is that the necessary firmness of skepticism, the freedom of the freethinkers, the Gibbonian sustained irony of the enlightened man amid a passel of nits, is closed off from Buckley, as a man of faith. A second reason is that the social support for the lordly gesture simply no longer exists: nobody on these shores "talks that way to the help," the language of effective hauteur is dead, the air of out-of-touchness hangs heavy over it.

The way in which the factors named work in any given Buckley production can best be grasped by looking hard for a moment at a single passage—in, admittedly, a rather classroomy way. Consider the following reflections opening an article on the murder of Dr. King:

> It is curious and melancholy that hours after the death of the Reverend Martin Luther King, and 100,000 words after the doleful announcement of his murder, not a single commentator on radio or on television has mentioned what one would suppose is a critical datum—namely, that Mr. King was an ordained minister in the Christian faith and that those who believe that

(*Continued on page* 39)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

The Uniqueness of Now

WE WERE DISTURBED by Seymour Martin Lipset's attempt in his article "The Banality of Revolt" [*SR* July 18] to minimize our current crisis by disavowing its uniqueness. We believe Professor Lipset neglects to consider the following conditions:

First, while we have had racial, moral, educational, political, economic, and war-related crises in the past, we have never had the present combination of these factors. The political and moral crises of the 1920s were followed by the economic crisis of the 1930s, and this was in turn followed by the war of the 1940s. Today we must confront these and other crises simultaneously.

Second, contemporary man recognizes the unprecedented danger of his extinction through nuclear war or ecological disaster. This knowledge has added unparalleled responsibilities to our recently acquired role of world leadership.

In conclusion, we disagree with Professor Lipset's cyclical interpretation of history. Our present crisis can only be resolved by a fresh perspective and new solutions.

MORTON D. SCHWARTZ,
MINA R. SCHWARTZ,
Appleton, Wis.

Dubious Document

APPARENTLY DISAPPROVING of my reference to the indefensible partition of Syria in 1920, Nora Levin [BOOK FORUM, June 27] has responded with quotes from a letter allegedly written to Felix Frankfurter in March 1919 by Emir Faisal, whom she describes as "the leader of the Arab world at the time." He was no such thing. The letter is of doubtful authenticity, and its contents are irrelevant.

The letter surfaced in 1929 during the deliberations of the Shaw Committee. Faisal said he couldn't remember ever having written it, and the Zionists who insisted he had could produce no signed original. This is reported by Awni Abd-el-Hadi and others, including Alan R. Taylor in his *Prelude to Israel*, citing Moshe Perlman, "Chapters of Arab-Jewish Diplomacy, 1918-1922," *Jewish Studies*, VI (April 1944).

GERALD PEARCE,
Los Angeles, Calif.

The Existential Appel

EVER SINCE YOU PUBLISHED A. Alvarez's review of *The Annotated Lolita* [*SR*, June 13], I have been waiting for you to print a letter from Alfred Appel, Jr., insisting that Alvarez's speculation on his nonexistence was grossly exaggerated. In your issue of July 18 appear two brief notes on the review and the book, but nothing from Professor Appel, who perhaps was too stunned by the rather nasty things said about his edition to have the strength and resilience to reply.

But now that Mr. Alvarez has indulged his wit and had his fun, may I suggest that the writer of such a review, and perhaps even more the editor who published it, should at least have checked with some such easily available directories as the annual membership list of the Modern Language Association of America or the *Directory of American Scholars*, Vol. II (English, Speech, and Drama), before printing such a theory, however amusing. Even if Mr. Alvarez preferred to ignore, or reject, the academic affiliation of Professor Appel as stated in *The Annotated Lolita* itself, he should at least have checked his facts before printing a large part of his review. If he had done so he would have found that Professor Appel was already the author of several books and articles on Nabokov and is now an associate professor of English at Northwestern University.

ARTHUR H. NETHERCOT,
Colorado Springs, Colo.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Having published correspondence by Alfred Appel, Jr., in* BOOK FORUM, *we were aware of his existence—as was the critic, who was just joshing.*

No Sycophant

I ENJOYED A. ALVAREZ's erudite and entertaining essay-review. It was a relief to learn that all literary critics are not sycophants worshiping at the feet of a fake.

ZELLA MAXWELL SMAYLING,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Madison's Modest Emendation

RICHARD B. MORRIS's review of *The Papers of George Mason* [*SR*, June 20] calls Mason the "author of the Virginia Declaration of Rights, a document that had a world-wide impact." I think such a statement should never be made without noting a vital exception. The heart of the Article on Religion was written, as an amendment, by James Madison—his first public act. He changed Mason's " . . . all men should enjoy the fullest toleration in the exercise of religion," a concession, perhaps even a condescension to " . . . all men are equally entitled to the free exercise of religion," a natural *right*.

Madison was so modest, so little interested in gaining credit for constructive work, others must battle for him.

And George Mason was so honest and just, that wonderful old curmudgeon would be the first to point out the vast difference between religious tolerance and religious freedom, in themselves and in their consequences.

VIRGINIA MOORE,
Scottsville, Va.

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European Literary Scene

Robert J. Clements

Although this monthly literary chronicle began too late to herald the appearance of *The Notebooks of Major Thompson* (1954), by Pierre Daninos, it has enthusiastically noted his less spectacular successes, *Snobissimo* (1964) and *The 36th Below* (1966). This low-key, almost shy humorist reacts to mankind's foibles with a gentle irony rather than with indignation or even pathos. Most of us loved Major Thompson because of his foibles and fixed ideas rather than despite them. Evocative of a novel by the late Georges Duhamel on the efforts of a common man to become a saint, Daninos's newest book concerns a man dedicated to perfectionism. The punning title is *Ludovic Morateur, ou le plus que parfait* (Plon). Trying to create such a character (like trying to be one) is a challenge, and Daninos had been thinking about it for twenty-seven years. In Sologne during the Occupation he read about a divorce case in which the wife charged her husband with perfectionism. He would wake up in the night and demand that she check the tonnage of *HMS Nelson*; he would insist that she buy his daily paper not at the newsstand but at the home office of the newspaper. Daninos instinctively approved of the court's rejection of the suit. He has now created his own fictional perfectionist, a clockmaker who produces perfect mechanisms, is perfect in organizing his leisure, perfect even in administering cyanide. Honing his pointed pen, Daninos practiced on the two Major Thompson books and six other volumes before attempting his portrait of Ludovic Morateur. As the greatest sculptor of the cinquecento wrote, "Perfect things come only toward the extremity of life."

It took a while for the splendid constellation of Spanish poets of the Guillén-Lorca generation to acquire a collective title. For a time they were referred to as the Generation of the Dictatorship, since they grew up under the authoritarian Primo de Rivera. They wrote their most intense poems between 1920 and the outbreak of the Civil War in 1936. As early as 1922 Machado had seen in the work of Gerardo Diego an "utterly new Spanish lyric." When the group was finally named the Generation of 1927, it was because that year marked the tercentenary of the death of Luis de Góngora, the great Mannerist poet whom the new generation strove to rescue from oblivion. (The date was, significantly, ignored by the Spanish Academy.) In chronological order, the leading poets of this generation were Pedro Salinas, Jorge Guillén, Federico García Lorca, Rafael Alberti, Emilio Prados, Vicente Aleixandre, Luis Cernuda, Dámaso Alonso, Gerardo Diego, and León Felipe — all contemporaries of the French Surrealists. Their noble definition of their art, "lyrical objectivity," and their preference for clarity drew them closer to the Symbolists and post-Symbolists Mallarmé, Valéry, Darío, and Eliot. Their two idols in Spain were Góngora (1561-1627) and Juan Ramón Jiménez (1881-1957). Decimated and dispersed by the Civil War, they are now recognized as one of the most distinguished and dedicated Pléiades in the firmament of poetry.

José Luis Cano's *La Poesía de la Generación de 1927* (Guadarrama) comes as a welcome intimate history of these lyricists. Accepted by Lorca and Prados as a *poetilla* (junior poet) of the group, Cano knew most of them personally. He subsequently became a respected founder of *Insula* and director of the Adonais Poetry Series. Cano's new volume is an informative labor of love. One would do well to complement a reading of Cano's history with the recent anthology *La Generación de 1927*, prepared by Joaquín González Muela and Juan Manuel Rozas (Ediciones Alcalá). With some of its members, including Alberti and Guillén, still writing, the group already occupies a major chapter in José Valverde's new *Breve Historia de la Literatura Española*—a chapter comparable in length to those devoted to the Baroque-Mannerist poets and to the Generation of 1898.

European countries have long competed in setting up film festivals. A similar rivalry may be developing over book festivals. Last year France threw a gauntlet to the directors of the Frankfurt Buchmesse by establishing its first International Book Festival at Nice. This year's was more auspicious. To quote Jean Prasteau in the *Figaro littéraire*: "At the first Festival Nice seemed to have assumed the morose mien of a ghost-writer for a great novelist on the day of his employer's reception into the Académie Française, whereas this year Nice wears the smile of a Goncourt Prize-winner accepting his check." Sixteen nations (including Taiwan) set up pavilions in the Palais des Expositions, with the U.S. and Germany (ten stands each) most prominent. Somewhat to the annoyance of the French writers and public, Gallic publishers were poorly represented. The participants were publishers, booksellers, and authors, from Alain Robbe-Grillet and Miguel Ángel Asturias to lesser fry. The city of Nice contributed handsomely with four million *anciens francs* as a subsidy. Though Nice is hardly yet a serious rival to Frankfurt, the Côte d'Azur climate in early summer, compared to that of the Main Valley in September and October, may prove a formidable factor in future years.

Despite the glamour of the Nice Festival, a few book-lovers found a greater fascination in the thirteenth Annual Fair of England's Antiquarian Booksellers' Association. Rare books and manuscripts from forty-five book-sellers (including a handful from Amsterdam and Florence) were displayed briefly on the three floors of the National Book League. Not all the books on show were black-letter or other early printings. One found collector's items from the present century (a 1937 catalogue of books on hunting and hawking, a 1933 letter from Trotsky to Harold Laski). But the real excitement was generated by those fine Renaissance editions—for example, Aretino's *De Bello Italico*, printed in 1471 in that amiable blackguard's adopted home town of Venice. What craftsmen they were! How white the paper and how black the ink! How sturdy the vellum bindings! What matter if Tagliente wasn't the most famous of literary critics in the Renaissance? Would that stop you from buying the 1562 edition of his *Arte de lo eccellente scrivere*, with its splendid woodcuts of cinquecento cursive script, from book dealer John Grant of Edinburgh?

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Insights and Oversights in the Poetic Vision

by JOHN W. HUGHES

Critics who like neat little tags have never found one that they could permanently affix to W. H. Auden. He has buzzed his way around the flower garden of the intellect, taking a bit of inspiration here from Freud, there from Kierkegaard or Blake, with the result that his detractors, oblivious of the taste of the final product, often accuse him of some overt or hidden insincerity.

But Auden has proved to be more consistent than any of his critics, admirers, or enemies. His new volume, *City Without Walls* (Random House, $4.50), focuses on the affirmation of human intimacy, the "pentecostal marvel," as a means of preserving the dignity of life amidst the technological jungle of modernity, and this emphasis on the communal web of human feelings descends from the "Just City" described by Auden thirty years ago.

In one of the "Sonnets from China" written in 1938, he advised his readers to

> . . . hear the morning's injured
> weeping, and know why:
> Cities and men have fallen: the will
> of the Unjust
> Has never lost its power; still, all
> princes must
> Employ the Fairly-Noble unifying Lie.

In *City Without Walls*, more than in any of Auden's more recent books, the poetic vision is pitted against the Machiavellian "unifying Lie." "Marginalia," a selection of trenchant *haiku* epigrams, contains some chilling observations on contemporary affairs:

> In States unable
> to alleviate Distress,
> Discontent is hanged.

"Prologue at Sixty" casts a skeptical eye on the exploits of the Wernher von Brauns:

> Already a helpless orbited dog
> has blinked at our sorry conceited O,
> where many are famished, few look
> good,
> and my day turned out torturers
> who read *Rilke* in their rest periods.

The rhythmic strength and visual impact of such lines are characteristic of the entire volume. Auden at sixty writes with a youthful liveliness that continually astonishes:

> *Post coitum homo tristis.*
> What nonsense! If he could,
> he would sing.

In "The Horatians" Auden boldly admits that

> there are obscure nooks into which
> Authority
> never pokes a suspicious nose,
> *embusqué* havens
> for natural bachelors
> and political idiots.

He endorses the Horatian sense of domestic quietude, but he also reminds us that he is a New Yorker living near "the Con Ed stacks on First Avenue," and that he does not consider himself to be completely detached from the urban scene:

> Can Sixty make sense to Sixteen-Plus?
> What has my camp in common with
> theirs,
> with buttons and beards and Be-Ins?
> Much, I hope. In *Acts* it is written
> Taste was no problem at Pentecost.

The poet's viewpoint is certainly sane and healthy, although the Horatian nonchalance of the later Auden has never caught hold of the power and Shakespearean fluency of the China sonnets:

> . . . we
> Were never nude and calm like a great
> door,

> And never will be perfect like the
> fountains;
> We live in freedom by necessity,
> A mountain people dwelling among
> mountains.

The tense grandeur of these lines is beyond the scope of the conversational syllabics and ironic tetrameters of *City Without Walls*. Auden lives in the foothills now, but he has not forgotten the lessons on freedom and necessity spelled out for him by the "Asiatic cry of pain" that can still be heard today.

Three English poets—Dannie Abse, Robert Conquest, Charles Tomlinson—have injected some warm, nourishing blood into the sickly body of contemporary verse. Dannie Abse's *Selected Poems* (Oxford, $4; paperback, $2) is a thoroughly impressive selection of Abse's performance over the last fifteen years. He understands both Golders Green and Soho (responsibility and the pleasure principle), while his lyric insights are expressed with neat concision. "After the Release of Ezra Pound" is a strangely eloquent poem:

> Pound did not hear the raw Jewish
> cry,
> the populations committed to the
> dark
> when he muttered through
> microphones
> of murderers. He, not I, must answer.

Mr. Abse is often over-prosaic, but "The grand view" and "Odd" are examples of his highly charged, naturalistic style at its best, while "On the beach" is a stunning attempt at fusing mythological (Helen of Troy) and modern (Vietnam) themes. I'm not sure if the attempt works, but I would definitely suggest that you give Mr. Abse a try.

Robert Conquest's *Arias from a Love Opera* (Macmillan, $4.95) is another enjoyable and intellectually ambitious book. "Romantic" exemplifies the compression and balance of Conquest's style:

> He never guessed how much his roots
> could mean:
> A people rich in beauty and in bluster
> But swamped with flesh and dreamt
> into disaster
> Through deadly fear of angel and
> machine.

"Revue Bar Strip" describes a serenely conscious type of eroticism, while "Dictator" is a complex study of the modern tyrant at work. There are at least ten other poems in this book with a similar vitality of tone and intellectual depth. Like Dannie Abse, Mr. Conquest's name should be added to American reading lists.

Charles Tomlinson's *The Way of a World* (Oxford, $3.75) is a very uneven set of poems. At his best ("Prometheus," "Descartes and the Stove") Mr.

JOHN W. HUGHES is a free-lance writer and critic.

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Tomlinson can raise an observed or imagined scene to an epiphany-like pitch, as when his Descartes

> Sat with his back to the unreasoning wind
> And doubted, doubted at his ear
> The patter of ash and, beyond, the snow-bound farms,
> Flora of flame and iron contingency
> And the moist reciprocation of his palms.

Everything is observed minutely, and the symbolic perfection of Mr. Tomlinson's landscapes is quietly abstract and ruminative, though sometimes tiresome. The book is worth reading as far as the "Western Pieces," which record Tomlinson's journey through the badlands of the U.S. avantgarde:

> Twice I'd tried
> to pass the
> bastard outside
> of Arroyo Hondo. . . .

Mr. Tomlinson shouldn't even have tried to catch up.

A. D. Hope, an Australian poet, is an extremely glib and skillful manipulator of a wide range of verse forms, as can be seen from *New Poems 1965-1969* (Viking, $4.50). Short lyrics, long mythic narratives, sonnets, satire—Mr. Hope is in control of them all, displaying a bewildering assortment of mythochimeric tricks. One of the "Sonnets to Baudelaire" modestly proclaims that

> . . . it was you
> Drank deepest of that pure sardonic draught;
> You, naked, the first gardener under God,
> Who tilled our rotting paradise, from its sod
> Raised monstrous blooms and taught my tongue the craft.

There, alas, is the rub—for Mr. Hope is far from being a Baudelaire. His careful, rather colorless verse has little in common with the output of the Parisian connoisseur of ennui and chaos. Mr. Hope sounds like a polite fellow who has read the wrong sort of books—a kind of Lawrence Durrell without the purple prose.

John Ashbery's *The Double Dream of Spring* (Dutton, $4.95) begins with a typical Ashbery effect of surrealist theatricality:

> They are preparing to begin again:
> Problems, new pennant up the flagpole
> In a predicated romance.

Oh, dear! "They" are at it again. It sounds like veiled social criticism, but Mr. Ashbery takes care never to soil his hands with the crude earth of the real world:

> Just look at the filth you've made,
> See what you've done.
> Yet if these are regrets they stir only lightly. . . .

Regrets always stir lightly in Ashbery's poems. The Doris Day of modernist poetry, he plays nasty Symbolist-Imagist tricks on his audience while maintaining a façade of earnest innocuousness. According to his blurb-writer, Ashbery has been called "the best poet of the New York School." This "school" is a rather minute phenomenon: Mr. Ashbery, Kenneth Koch (who at least takes himself less seriously than Mr. A.), and a few of those wandering East Village-Dadaist bards. It's hard to believe that a "school," however insignificant, could be founded around a poet who writes lines such as

> . . . so that morning
> Installs again in cold hope
> The air that was yesterday, is what you are

They have about as much poetic life as a refrigerated plastic flower.

Mr. Ashbery occasionally expresses himself in rhyme-schemes and meters:

> It was raining in the capital
> and for many days and nights
> The one they called the Aquarian
> Had stayed alone with her delight.

I don't see how anyone could deny that these lines are trite and silly. If a fairly intelligent Aquarian Age teen-ager set out to imitate one of Auden's early poems, this is about the result we might expect.

Ashbery's failure is the price he has paid for uncritically accepting the Symbolist-Imagist esthetic. The contrived image and the pseudo-profound symbol may enable a poet to continue his poem, despite the flaccid state of his emotion:

> underneath the talk lies
> The moving and not wanting to be moved, the loose
> Meaning, untidy and simple like a threshing floor.

But such a continuation may, in fact, embody a kind of poetic dishonesty.

Ashbery is one of the inheritors of Eliot's Symbolist Waste Land. Eliot, at least, was honest about the agony and emotional barrenness he tried to describe. Ashbery, a professional mind-blower, inhabits a Technicolor Waste Land where he seems to feel completely at home.

The Art of Sylvia Plath (Indiana University Press, $6.50) is a bulky and somewhat disorganized collection of essays about the legend of Sylvia Plath. The essays by John Frederick Nims, A. Alvarez, and Stephen Spender are useful and interesting. Anne Sexton's "confessional" remembrances are boring and pretentious. Charles Newman, who organized the volume, starts the ball rolling with a long scrutiny of "Sylvia Plath's development as an artist . . . traced through the early poems, the novel and the late poems, demonstrating parallels with the work and attitudes of Emily Dickinson." The theory propounded by most of the essays could be stated in the following words: "Sylvia Plath burned herself out during the writing of *Ariel*, and in so doing gained a Keatsian immortality."

Nims and Spender, thank God, seem to be aware of a different interpretation of Sylvia Plath's death, although neither of them states it openly. Nims shows how the power of *Ariel* is essentially dependent upon the terrific intensity of Lowell's verse in *Life Studies*, and he implicitly questions whether anything was gained by Plath's Imagist fragmentation of Lowell's confessional line.

Spender, in describing the hysteria and self-destructiveness of confessional poetry, alludes to the "cultivation of hysteria" that Rimbaud promulgated. In an increasingly decadent society the poet's public self becomes meaningless, says Spender; the result is a necessary plunge into the dark depths of the *Doppelgänger*.

Yet Auden, Spender himself, Day Lewis, Frost, Wilbur, and a number of other modern poets have managed to wrest a viable *persona* from the manic unconsciousness of our culture. With insanity and reaction multiplying on every side, the myth of sibylline seership becomes ever more ludicrous. Sylvia Plath's evocations of Nazi brutality, her awareness of self-hate and perversity, are powerful indeed. But the artist's function is to hold up the mirror to evil; it is needlessly self-destructive for an artist to try to stare evil in the face, as Sylvia Plath did in the months before her suicide.

A high level of craftmanship is evident in the poems of William Meredith, Helene Mullins, and Mona Van Duyn. Mr. Meredith's *Earth Walk* (Knopf, $4.50) offers a number of low-key, but nicely observed, evocations of the inner life of a poet who can sense universal mystery in the most commonplace objects and happenings. Here is Mr. Meredith at the opera:

> An image of articulateness is what it is:
> Isn't this how we've always longed to talk?

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Words as they fall are monotone and bloodless
But they yearn to take the risk these noises take.

Mona Van Duyn's *To See, To Take* (Atheneum, paperback $3.95) contains some well-modulated meditations on various themes, although in her more unsuccessful poems she sounds like a female James Dickey, shooting from the hip without reason or rhyme:

the chopped nuts
shall not top off our Technicolor grave
with their oily ashes.

The Mirrored Walls (Twayne, $5.95) offers a selection of Miss Mullins's verse, and humane, cogent verse it is:

The habit grows, he tires of make-believe,
he is trained to kill, yet dares not break the law.
Who will give him weapons, discover a foreign foe,
show him a leader and create a war?

Authority is devious in finding ways to tongue-tie poets, but Helene Mullins seems to have escaped the snares.

Michael S. Harper informs us that the poems of *Dear John, Dear Coltrane* (University of Pittsburgh Press, $2.25) "are rhythmic rather than metric; the pulse is jazz, the tradition generally oral. . . ." It's curious that Mr. Harper thinks meters can't have rhythms. But

you shouldn't take these esthetic insights seriously, for he's as hung up on Imagism as a lot of non-jazz poets, although he does overdo it occasionally:

I'm a black man; I am;
black; I am; I'm a black
man; I am; I am . . .

Mr. Harper, like so many of his contemporaries, would rather chase the *Zeitgeist* than court the Muse.

Another casualty of Imagism is Arthur Gregor's *A Bed by the Sea* (Doubleday, $4.95), although the insistent blurb-writer trumpets that Mr. Gregor is "one of the most deeply spiritual poets of our time." Searching carefully for spirituality in these poems, I found only warmed-over Rilke served up with autobiographical cotton-candy:

The night you left, the flowers on
the coast grew into my sleep
under a tossing moon.

Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Gregor has a valid insight into terror and loneliness, but the insight is almost always sacrificed for the superficial imagistic effect.

SOUTHEAST ASIA TOMORROW: Problems and Prospects for U.S. Policy

by Melvin Gurtov

Johns Hopkins, 114 pp., $6.95; paperback, $1.95

Reviewed by John M. Allison

■ *Southeast Asia Tomorrow* considers what United States policy should be after our withdrawal from Vietnam, which the author—a member of the Social Sciences Department of the RAND Corporation—takes for granted will have to be made in less than completely favorable circumstances. However, although he admits there is some substance to the domino theory, he believes it has been greatly exaggerated. The adverse effects of U.S. withdrawal, Melvin Gurtov feels, can be mitigated by "diplomatic efforts to dispel fears of a complete American pull-out from Asia and a responsiveness to the material and political needs" of the nations in that troubled area.

Originally composed in May 1969 as a research memorandum for the Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs, the study has now been published, with minor revisions, for the general public. Despite the fact that it went to press before the ouster of Prince Sihanouk from Cambodia and the American-South Vietnamese attack on the Communist sanctuaries there, the book contains considerable discussion of Cambodia. That from it both those who favor and those who condemn President Nixon's action can find arguments to bolster their case reflects the terribly complicated nature of the situation; it should enjoin caution on anyone prone to view our intervention in Cambodia in terms of black and white.

Professor Gurtov first weighs what the American interests are in Southeast Asia, and lists five critical elements that comprise them:

> 1) security—those changes of political systems which, by leading or threatening to lead to domination by a hostile power, would pose a danger to the immediate or potential defense of the United States; 2) economic—those resources, actual or potential, which are essential to the well-being of American society or which, in the hands of a hostile power, would be seriously detrimental to the United States; 3) historical-psychological—those special considerations which have arisen out of long-standing friendly association and which thereby impose certain moral obligations on the United States; 4) political-legal—those official pledges or treaties by which the United States has undertaken particular commitments to foreign governments; and 5) regional peace and stability—those situations or circumstances which promote stabilized relations with major hostile powers in ways which do not compromise security as defined above.

On the basis of these criteria Mr. Gurtov concludes that the United States has vital interests in seven Asian countries: Japan, the Republic of Korea, Australia, New Zealand, the Philippines, Thailand, and the Republic of China.

The author believes that the "native productive, defense, and political capacities" of the other nations of Southeast Asia—Indonesia, Singapore, Malaysia, Burma, Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia—have not yet become sufficiently firmly rooted to make the bonds between them and the United States as strong as those with the seven countries previously mentioned. However, Mr. Gurtov goes on to say: "These circumstances do not mean that the United States lacks a general interest in assisting them to maintain economic and political stability; what they do imply is that the United States is not and should not become committed to the prevention or reversal of unsatisfactory political trends." The Nixon Administration has stressed that, while it is willing to give limited assistance to the Lon Nol government in Cambodia, the military action against the Communist bases there is not designed to support that government, and the United States has no commitment to do so.

Many of the policy statements in President Nixon's report to the Congress of February 18, 1970, entitled "U.S. Foreign Policy for the 1970s: A New Strategy for Peace," parallel the recommendations that Professor Gurtov made in his memorandum almost a year before. If the similarity is not a coincidence, it is gratifying that studies by American scholars are being heeded by the higher councils of government. For example, Mr. Gurtov sums up by saying that, "given an eventual American withdrawal from Vietnam," the time has come when a complete reassessment can be made of our role in Southeast Asia. "A reduction of U.S. involvement in Southeast Asia, without retracting existing security commitments," is the major alternative he proposes. President Nixon's report to the Congress states that, "while we will maintain our interests in Asia and the commitments that flow from them, the changes taking place in that region enable us to change the character of our involvement." And the report goes on to establish that this revision in U.S. involvement is in fact a "reduction."

The effects of a less than satisfactory

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withdrawal from Vietnam will not be entirely adverse, Mr. Gurtov contends, because it is "extremely doubtful that Southeast Asian nations will in wholesale fashion accommodate to local or external Communist forces so long as the United States makes clear by word and deed that withdrawal from Vietnam does not mean outright withdrawal from Asia." In his report Nixon said: ". . . we remain involved in Asia. We are a Pacific power. We have learned that peace for us is much less likely if there is no peace in Asia."

Performing a remarkable job of evaluating in a short space the various factors that need to be considered in determining our future Southeast Asian policy, Mr. Gurtov analyzes the respective roles of Japan, Communist China, and the Soviet Union in the area, as well as the American commitment to the Republic of China, the Philippines, Thailand, and the ANZUS powers.

In view of Communist China's potentially overwhelming pressure on the nations of Southeast Asia, and current all-out support of Prince Sihanouk and his government-in-exile, Mr. Gurtov's discussion of American policy toward the colossus on the Asian mainland is of great interest. He asserts that continuing to support the political claims of Nationalist China while attempting to reach some sort of détente with Communist China "no longer seems tenable." Although he recognizes the difficulties of carrying out a "two Chinas" policy, and realizes that neither Peking nor Taipei would yield to the other at present, he believes time is on the side of a sensible solution.

The timing of any policy change is all-important, the author observes. But, he adds, "the United States would be guided in the direction of change by the overriding purpose of demonstrating to a possibly more moderate Chinese Communist leadership that, while Taiwan will not be cast adrift, the United States is not interested in making Taiwan a military bastion or in maintaining the fiction of a Chinese government-in-exile." President Nixon's report says on this question: "We intend to maintain our treaty commitments to the defense of the Republic of China. But we will seek to promote understandings which can establish a new pattern of mutually beneficial actions." This seems to be a first step in the direction advocated by Mr. Gurtov.

The author believes that American interests in Southeast Asia can be furthered "by contributing to, but not directing, regional economic and cultural cooperation." Again, his recommendation finds a response in the President's report: "Asian regional cooperation is at its beginning. We will confront subtle decisions as we seek to help maintain its momentum without supplanting Asian direction of the effort."

There is much in this little book with which I agree, but on one or two points a demur must be entered. Mr. Gurtov argues that Japan is the only Asian nation "whose security from enemy control has a direct and immediate bearing on the security of the United States." Since, as the author admits, some 90 per cent of Japan's critical oil imports come through Indonesian and Southeast Asian waters, and the 3,000 Indonesian islands lie athwart the lines of communication between our Philippine and Australia-New Zealand allies, one wonders why Indonesia is considered less vital to our interests. This is not to say that Indonesia should be pressed to become a formal American ally, but it does seem of crucial importance that Indonesia gain the economic and social strength to sustain itself as a truly independent and neutral power.

I also question Mr. Gurtov's assessment of Japan's future role in Southeast Asia. In his opinion, Japan's aid programs are designed only to further her own immediate economic interests, and she will probably not extend them much during the next decade. He also asserts that Japan does not consider her own security to be intimately connected with stability in Southeast Asia. This goes counter to recent expressions by high Japanese officials and to an unofficial Foreign Office paper given me in Tokyo in September 1968, which contains this statement:

> . . . it is essential for Japan that the countries of these areas [Southeast Asia] will not become hostile to Japan. . . . it is also essential that these areas are politically stabilized and become economically prosperous as Japan's prosperity is closely linked with theirs. . . .

Proportionate to her gross national product, Japan is already providing more economic aid to the developing nations than is the United States, and she has actually contributed more in dollars to the Asia Development Bank. Her bankers and industrialists have equaled the American contribution to the recently organized Private Investment Corporation for Asia, and Japan has nearly equaled the American share in the Intergovernmental Committee for Aid to Indonesia. At the May meeting in Indonesia of the Southeast Asian Ministerial Conference on Economic Development, Japanese Foreign Minister Aichi promised that by 1975 Japan would increase her economic aid to the developing nations to 1 per cent of her GNP, and he indicated that this would amount to nearly $4-billion.

There can be no disagreement with Mr. Gurtov's belief that in the future American interests in Southeast Asia can probably be advanced more by economic than by military aid, and that in the greatest degree possible this should be given in a multilateral context. Mr. Gurtov concludes that if the United States maintains a flexible approach both toward allies and major hostile powers, and demonstrates her confidence in the ability of the region's governments to determine their own destinies, there is real hope that "Southeast Asia may move more rapidly toward the stability that has evaded it since the colonial era." All men of good will can only hope he is right.

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THE RELIGION OF ETHICAL NATIONHOOD:
Judaism's Contribution to World Peace

by Mordecai M. Kaplan

Macmillan, 205 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by J. W. Burrow

■ Can a traditional religion be demythologized and its values transposed into a humanist frame without sacrificing its ethical heritage, its power to inspire, and the cultural cohesion and sense of belonging it provided? Can men find a meaningful cultural identity within the impersonal society of the modern industrial state? Is it possible for tightly knit cultural communities to avoid atavistic chauvinism and accept the liberal values of openness, tolerance, and respect for other communities? Could such communities, especially if they transcend the boundaries of sovereign states, promote human cooperation and help to avert the self-destruction of mankind?

Mordecai M. Kaplan hopes that Judaism may lead the world in finding answers to these questions (just as it once was the pioneer of monotheism) through the creation of a community at once religious and humanist, cohesive and international, based on a unique cultural heritage yet imbued with a sense of obligation to other communities. This is ethical nationhood.

There are, unfortunately, few signs that the world is ready for such a development. But Rabbi Kaplan's book does establish the general relevance of

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what might seem to be exclusively Jewish in nature. It offers a set of proposals for the reorganization of Judaism as a world community, on the basis of religious tolerance and an essentially humanist interpretation of the Torah. Explicitly or implicitly, it also provides stimulating insights into the problems of contemporary religion and of cultural belonging.

The starting point of Rabbi Kaplan's argument is that the core of a religion is not belief in the supernatural but a traditional group way of life embodying certain values. There is, therefore, no need when abandoning supernaturalism to dissociate oneself from the group and its traditions. On the contrary, to do so is a kind of cultural and psychic emasculation.

This emphasis on tradition and the historically evolved religious society is an interesting variant upon much of today's religious thinking. Modern attempts to foster a demythologized religion, whether the existentialist theologian's solitary leap of faith or the fashionable raids on Oriental mysticism, have been predominantly ahistorical and in some sense individualistic, even anarchic. Certainly, they have been highly selective with respect to the wisdom of the East. For example, such aspects of it as reverence for parental authority and devotion to the family have not noticeably had the same fascination for our spiritually inclined young people as prayer beads or transcendental meditation.

In redressing the balance, Rabbi Kaplan is aided both by current sociological approaches to religion, which stress religious practice and the character of the religious group rather than dogma or speculative metaphysical beliefs, and by the character of Judaism, with its traditional close association of a faith with a people. The coincidence of the two is in fact no mere coincidence: the nineteenth-century pioneer of the sociology of religion, W. Robertson Smith, was led to emphasize group practice rather than individual belief precisely through his study of ancient Semitic religion.

But what of the values embodied in group religious practice? Can they continue to be as revered when detached from their supernatural context? Kaplan believes they can. The Torah, properly understood and demythologized, contains the fundamentals of that respect for justice which is essential to social life and the survival of mankind. Religions characteristically embody ethical norms, and those of any historic religion must to some extent inculcate and strengthen socially beneficial behavior, or the people practicing that religion will not endure. Yet to translate into humanist terms the rites and stories through which those values are expressed is an ambiguous enterprise.

Rabbi Kaplan does what theologians have long done with the Scriptures: he allegorizes them. The trouble, however, with allegorical interpretations of myths, as with all other interpretations, including the Freudian, is not that they do not fit but that they fit all too readily. When, for example, Rabbi Kaplan writes that "transposed into humanist terms, the Garden of Eden legend emphasizes that man's self-interest is no gauge of right and wrong," one can easily see the story in that way. Whether it *was* seen in that way is a more open question, yet upon it depends whether this meaning of the story, or only the story itself, forms part of the religious heritage. When traditional myths are restated as moral ideas, whose ideas are they—the mythmaker's or the moralist's?

For Kaplan, the reconstructed Jewish community is not merely ethical and historic but also genuinely religious. The divine mission of Judaism is not rejected but redefined as the survival and fulfillment of the group, cooperating with those concerns of mankind in general. The values that define man's moral responsibility and the requirements of society are, he says, a manifestation of an underlying principle of nature, making for mankind's creative survival. Having allegorized the scriptures, Rabbi Kaplan now allegorizes nature, using the language of vitalist Creative Evolution and naturalistic ethics. The difficulties of both have become notorious among biologists and philosophers. Survival is perhaps unequivocal, but creativity can take many forms; even irresponsibility may sometimes be creative.

Rabbi Kaplan wishes to see the idea of a humanist religion founded upon traditional Judaism embodied in a reconstructed international Jewish community. His specific proposals are best left to those most immediately affected to evaluate, but they will almost certainly alarm some and offend others, Jews and non-Jews, as avenues to a kind of secularized international ghetto. Every project to strengthen the bonds of "nationhood" in this sense walks a tightrope between arid individualism and alienation on the one side and blinkered exclusiveness and collectivism on the other. Rabbi Kaplan is well aware of this and walks his tightrope with tact and tolerance. To criticize his arguments is not to denigrate his book or to deny the reality of the problems it probes, but rather to pay it the respect that its seriousness and humane concern deserve.

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THE PERFECTIONISTS

by Gail Godwin

Harper & Row, 212 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Robert Scholes

■ Back in the days before the Women's Liberation Front changed everything it used to be possible to think of women who wrote novels as a different order of beings from male novelists. Now, we are supposed to think of all women as essentially identical with men, except for some slight variations in plumbing, etc.

Yet the desire to think of women who write as dissimilar in some real and important sense to men who write persists, and Gail Godwin's first novel, it seems to me, has to be thought of in relation to this difference. Her book is very much a woman's novel, and I want to discuss it in those terms. But let me say first that it is an excellent piece of work, shrewdly observed and carefully crafted, deserving of the praise that such established writers as Kurt Vonnegut, John Fowles, and George P. Elliot have already bestowed on it. *The Perfectionists* is, in fact, too good, too clever, and too finished a product to be patronized as a "first novel." It deserves better: it deserves criticism. And that is what I will try to give it.

The Perfectionists is a novel of domestic life or, more accurately, of sexual partnership. The "perfectionists" of the title are an English psychotherapist, Dr. Empson, and his American wife, Dane, who come to Majorca for something like a belated honeymoon, along with the doctor's three-year-old illegitimate son and one of his female pa-

—Alys Chabot

Gail Godwin—"eerie tension."

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tients. The relationship between husband and wife, as complicated by the strange little boy, is the central concern of the novel, and it is developed with a satiric and symbolic vigor that suggests a combination of Jane Austen and D. H. Lawrence. The eerie tension that marks this complex relationship is the great achievement of the novel. It is an extraordinary accomplishment, which is bound to attract and hold many readers.

This central situation is enriched by a number of other relationships that form a background to it and make a commentary upon it. The doctor's patient has an affair with a painter, who has an attractive wife and twin children. A French family, visible symbols of perfection, appear frequently on the beach and in the dining room—but, like all symbols, they are seen only from the outside. And a widow, Mrs. Hart, imposes her presence on the Empsons and tells Dane the story of her marriage to a man much older than herself. In the midst of these other lives, the Empsons' quest for perfection moves toward its strange and troubling climax.

My principal criticism of these proceedings has to do with the resolute femininity with which they are presented. By this I mean not that metaphysical womanhood which Dickens perceived behind the pseudonym of "George Eliot" when he reviewed her amazing first novel, *Adam Bede*, but a narrower and pettier kind of thing. The women in this novel are, all of them, more or less interesting, more or less sympathetic. The men, starting with the doctor (who is—as John Fowles has observed—"an only too convincing male monster"), are all fatuous and self-centered creatures.

This is, then, a woman's novel in a narrow and constricting way. I suspect that Miss Godwin can extend the range of both her sympathy and her satire. I hope that she will want to. From Jane Austen to Iris Murdoch, the great women of our fiction have been metaphysically female and not merely feminine.

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FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1410

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1410 will be found in the next issue.

E JSPCTQIN QI E PEK GJC

LAAVI DEU DSN GJC LAAVI

XCCU EDCSN QN.

—UCK JATCVU

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1409

Only one man in a million understands the international situation. Isn't it odd how you keep running into him? —WILLIAM NICHOLS.

Correction: In the June 13 issue Literary Crypt No. 1409 appeared out of order together with the answers to No. 1408. These Crypts have been withdrawn; No. 1410 herewith follows No. 1407.

QUARUP

by Antônio Callado, translated from the Portuguese by Barbara Shelby

Knopf, 559 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Demetrios Basdekis

■ Until fairly recently, Antônio Callado (born 1917) was almost exclusively known, here and abroad, as an eminent journalist and successful playwright. Although he had made previous forays into the realm of prose fiction, the most important milestone in his career may well be his novel *Quarup*, published in Brazil in 1967. With this novel Callado lays legitimate claim to a place of honor on the ever-expanding list of Latin American masters of fiction, particularly such contemporary Brazilian writers as Jorge Amado, Graciliano Ramos, José Lins do Rego.

Quarup, whose title is taken from the name for an Indian religious festival, tells the story of the gradual unlocking of a human personality. It is a convincing account of the turbulent "diseducation" or transformation of Father Fernando, an ascetic wholly absorbed in the life and deeds of Santa Teresa, into a rather impious "Nando," whose expertise as supreme fornicator delights everyone involved and who can vengefully urinate on a plaque commemorating the sordid political events of 1964. Nando's odyssey to membership in the human community is punctuated by a series of grotesque episodes, most of which serve to underscore the need to be engaged in human affairs. His metamorphosis becomes complete when, in self-defense, he buries his knife in a tyrant and takes to the backland.

Even the casual reader of Latin American fiction will be familiar with the central theme of *Quarup*. Against the tawdry political events culminating in the coup of 1964, Callado portrays the crude social injustice that has perennially plagued Brazil. In this timely novel he depicts the nation as a mutilated patient whose efforts to recuperate are constantly aborted by its fat, simplistic colonels and their frenetic anti-communism; the meddlesome, offensive hand of Washington; officialdom squelching dissent; a thoroughly corrupt Indian Protection Service that perpetuates reservations of a distinctly zoo-like quality, and, most important perhaps, the sense that, within the system, struggling for improvement is futile, given the overwhelming advantage of power in the hands of the status quo. Such is the symbolic significance of Nando's flight to the hinterland in the company of a much-abused black.

A large part of the success of this novel must be attributed to the fact that Antônio Callado is a formidable psychologist who knows his characters well. He is as at home with the urban sophisticate as with the illiterate mule driver, fisherman, prostitute. The myriad, superbly drawn subjects who populate his pages communicate their personalities directly to the reader in the idiom most suitable to each of them. From the brilliant, deranged eloquence of Ramiro, director of the Indian Protection Service, who gives the impression of having sauntered out of the pages of Huysmans, to the demotic speech patterns of peasants and social outcasts, Callado has succeeded in the difficult task of allowing his characters to portray themselves. His apparently inexhaustible stylistic range enables him to adjust his idiom to the precise requisites of each of his actors. The author-manipulator is rarely if ever visible; Callado is a rich craftsman who can even transmit directly to one the intense vertigo experienced by some of his characters.

While many readers may find *Quarup* somewhat prolix, Callado has clearly demonstrated that the social novel is not a dead form. His work stands as monumental evidence that the uncommon virtue of exposing social injustice without propagandizing is still very much within the realm of possibility. In short, Callado has shown in *Quarup* that the thesis novel can still be a work of art, and Barbara Shelby has done a commendable job of rendering it into highly readable English.

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Buckley Problem

Continued from page 31

the ministry is other than merely symbolic servitude to God must hope and pray that he is today happier than he was yesterday, united with his Maker, with the angels and the saints, with the prophets whose words of inspiration he quoted with such telling effect in his hot pursuit of a secular millenarianism.

Those who take seriously Dr. King's calling are obliged above all to comment on this aspect of his martyrdom and to rejoice in the divine warranty that eyes have not seen—nor have ears heard of—the glories that God has prepared for those who love Him.

No, it is the secular aspects of his death that obsess us; very well then, let us in his memory make a few observations:

1. Whatever his virtues and whatever his faults, he did not deserve assassination. There are the special few—one thinks of Joan of Arc—whose career dictates, as a matter of theatrical necessity, a violent end, early in life. Dr. King was not of that cast. . . . It simply wasn't ever required that . . . he should surrender his own life. In that sense his martyrdom was simply not useful. . . .

—*The Jeweler's Eye (1968)*

The immediate troubles here are excessive cleverness and marginality of argument. To use the words "melancholy" and "doleful" in sentences referring to the murder of Dr. King gives at first the impression that a "right response" to the tragedy is being voiced—sympathy, concern for the national loss. But the focus of "melancholy" isn't, of course, the act of violence but the fatuity of newspaper and TV commentators—people ignorant of the promise of the after-life. And the sentence suggesting that, "whatever his virtues and whatever his faults, he did not deserve assassination" belongs to the conventional Devil's Rhetoric (damage a man by even-handedly weighing false charges against him).

But, to repeat, the trouble that matters lies elsewhere. The writer's control of his projected self and of his tone is extremely shaky. It's clear that the phrase "those who believe that the ministry is other than merely symbolic servitude to God" is spoken on the side of belief, and establishes a distance between the writer and cynics who dismiss true religious vocation as self-deceit. But it's also clear that what follows—". . . happier than he was yesterday, united with his Maker, with the angels and the saints, with the prophets . . . rejoice in the divine warranty that eyes have not seen—nor have ears heard of—the glories God has prepared for those who love him"—has an edgy floridity suggesting detachment from belief, a hint of mockery of the simple minds who could believe in such grandiloquence. And straight eighteenth-century ironical skepticism sounds out in the "hot pursuit of secular millenarianism." The difficulty for the reader lies in discovering what the focus of this unfocused irony is: Where is the target? Who is being put down? Is not the purpose simply that of standing forth at every moment, in every circumstance, as someone perpetually on guard—even if one's guardedness, one's ceaseless gestures of "sophisticated" hostility, require the betrayal of one's faith?

The same uncertainties figure in the treatment of the "uselessness" of Dr. King's martyrdom—but they are complicated in addition by matters of social tone. To say that "it simply wasn't ever required that in order to reify that vision, he should surrender his life," or that ". . . his martyrdom was simply not useful" is to communicate a sense that the writer himself is impatient because his "servant" did more than he was asked, didn't need to throw himself over the cliff for me, good Lord, I never asked, never required that. . . . And the manner, the diction, the strategy of condescension, all require for support—for the attainment of anything like a perceivable meaning to a contemporary reader—a social structure far different from that of the world in which Mr. Buckley and the rest of us live.

And Mr. Buckley knows it—knows, that is, that the world he lives in contains capable, well-spoken, clear-headed black leaders, and offers little or no experiential support for the literary-ironical venture he's engaged in: the venture of placing Dr. King as a "worshipful darky," a disturbed child innocently bent on acts of super-obedience to some bemused master's commands.

What is the effect of this knowledge? Speaking flatly, it undercuts the literary performance. If Mr. Buckley were a shade less conversant with the contemporary experience that renders patronizing postures ludicrous, if he were a shade more ignorant of the vanities of Enlightenment skepticism and atheism (as these vanities have been shown forth by the wisest men of the century), well then, he might manage to do the necessary trick—recharge the batteries of the ancient condescensional mode. But he is what he is. He was expensively educated by post-Enlightenment minds aware, as the eighteenth century wasn't, that skepticism of myth is itself a myth. (At the time Mr. Buckley was at Yale such minds were available only in the great universities; now the message is better diffused, and they're everywhere.) And, in addition, he is a journalist—which is to say, his job rubs his nose in dailiness, *forces* him toward at least elementary comprehension of what is, regardless of what his social theories subsequently make of it. By education and profession, as well as because of his faith, in sum, Mr. Buckley is incapacitated for the literary role he seeks to play.

And therefore—what? Certainly the "Buckley problem" is in some part a common human problem—frustration, a divided state of feeling which, in writing, leads to staginess and uncertainty, and, in life, to predicaments more or less comical. Mr. Buckley aspires to imperviousness—and money and position theoretically should permit him to have what he wants. But how the world crowds him!—the crowd composed not only of Galbraiths and Schlesingers and Vidals, but of Baldwins as well, who tell him on social occasions (as he reports) that they don't blame the people in

Harlem for throwing garbage out the window, it's "their form of protest." Wherever he goes, whomever he talks to, the uppity world won't lie down, constantly erupts in his face. It's like Mack Sennett—the hoitie-toities in soup and fish and boiled shirts forever lighting cigars that explode.

And the ensuing laughter isn't unkind: here is the center of Mr. Buckley's problem, the other side of the frustration coin. Grasping that he's helpless, that the pretense of control is only that, a pretense, that no more successfully than the rest of us can he maintain persuasive confidence in the values he claims to espouse, he inspires in his audience a kind of smiling sadness, a fraternal feeling. He can't be hated or feared, his clear spells are followed by terrible fogs, the people he considers himself "above" keep turning out to be giants . . . the man's in the soup, with the rest of us: we end by pitying the pitier. A nice measure of the distance we've come . . . a comforting hint that "modernism" mayn't always have had beasts alone in view.

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

A Little Sheepish in New Zealand

WHEN THE SUN IS OUT and the long shadows of winter fill the green clefts of the New Zealand countryside, a wanderer from the Northern Hemisphere may think he's rolling through the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia on a perfect autumn day. Clouds and mist, though, can transform a July day down under into a marrow-chilling experience not unlike the worst of Seattle Februaries. With a happy nod from the weatherman one Wednesday morning, I set out on a southern course from Auckland to tour New Zealand's North Island.

A glance at the map or at passing road signs indicates the influence Maoris have had on the North Island, particularly in the central King Country, where most of them have settled. Our first stop, for example, was at Waitomo —meaning water entering a hole—the scene of New Zealand's peculiar glowworm grottoes. My traveling mates—two Hong Kong journalists and a Kiwi tourist official—joined me first in an assault on the luncheon buffet table at the Waitomo Hotel hard by the storied caverns. The Waitomo is one of the country's thirteen Tourist Hotel Corporation hostelries, far-flung projects originally financed by the government because the locations were too distant from civilization for private industry to risk the initial investment.

Mealtime in New Zealand, no matter what the hour or appetite, is a serious event and not something recommended for a weight watcher. "If you want a light meal in this country," my host told me, "you have to sit in a high chair." We three news gatherers descended on a buffet loaded with cold roast beef, leg of lamb, ham, chicken, tons of vegetables and fruits—all of which wasn't enough for our Kiwi friend, who ordered a steak from the kitchen because he said he'd eaten a light breakfast. The morning meal, I should add, would glut a drooling Texan before he ever pitched into the fried potatoes.

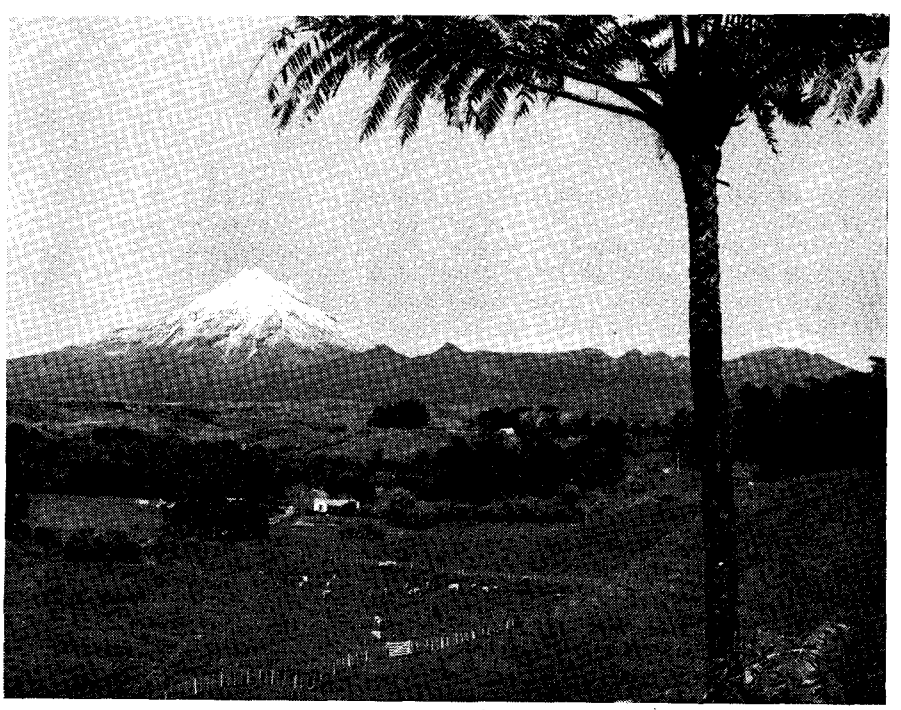
"One thing about New Zealand," the Kiwi said, as we buried ourselves in the plenty, "it will never starve. We like to call it the garden of the Pacific. We've never done concentrated farming, so God knows what would grow here if the effort were made. We're starting to grow rice now. We still have to import bananas and pineapples, and we can't grow enough oranges on our own."

New Zealanders, proud of their self-sufficiency, would probably prefer to exist entirely on their own, but they do depend on foreign markets for automobiles, television sets, and other luxury items not produced on the tiny outpost in the South Pacific. What New Zealand sends abroad is mostly—almost nine-tenths—agricultural produce. Still, it is difficult for some New Zealanders to cut the psychological bonds with the Northern European countries that have provided most of the population. "My father came out in 1913 from England," the Kiwi said, "and he still refers to 'home' as back there. Whenever he says 'home,' I think he's talking about the house he lives in. He wonders why I don't think the same way. To 'ell with that, mate. New Zealand is my home."

We left the crisp sunshine of early afternoon and entered the Waitomo Caves under the watchful (and mirthful) eye of a Maori guide. In a damp, high-vaulted cathedral of a cavern, he shut off the lights until the group launched into song to test what he claimed were nigh-perfect acoustics. He thought the darkness would give us more courage to sing. There wasn't a peep for several long, black minutes until a young woman began to sing "Do-re-mi," and we followed.

Then, like Charon at the Styx, the guide loaded us into a long boat and ferried us into a gurgling, dripping grotto, the roof sparkling with the larvae of thousands of mosquito-like flies scientifically labeled *Arachnocampa luminosa.* These stringy little glowworms hold a sort of beckoning lamp in their hindquarters, from which hang several sticky threads for ensnaring unwary insects to be devoured. The guide propelled the boat by a series of overhead wires, but in the eerie darkness he seemed to be gripping nothing but air. We were forbidden to talk so the worms wouldn't be frightened into turning out their lights, but gasps of wonderment could be heard above the slosh and gurgle.

That afternoon we headed south and east into New Zealand's King Country, so named because the region fostered a movement years ago to choose kings and other leaders of the various Maori tribes. King Country is also known as a rugged agrarian section that has produced some of New Zealand's greatest football players, including the granite-like Colin Meads. His name and dark-visaged countenance were splashed all over the local press that week after he'd broken his arm in a rugby skirmish in South Africa on a tour with New Zealand's beloved All Blacks team. The All Blacks—the name refers to the color of their uniforms—claim the world rugby championship and were playing a series of games in South Africa to defend their title, an engage-



—Photos courtesy New Zealand Consulate General

Mount Egmont on the North Island—"New Zealand's Fuji, its angular peak rearing above the clouds like a great white pyramid."

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ment that had threatened to tear New Zealand apart at its ideological seams. A decade earlier South Africa had refused to play the All Blacks if they included Maoris on their roster; now in 1970 the host country relented on that score, but some New Zealanders objected to the All Blacks' journeying to South Africa under any conditions, and when the team left by plane, some 20,000 demonstrators—mostly young, of course—rallied to jeer its departure. An Australian I met later on my tour down under shuddered at the thought of meeting a King Country footballer head on. "When they want to move a full-grown sheep into a pen, they just pick it up and throw it over the fence," he said. "Is that a big feat?" I asked. "Try it," he said.

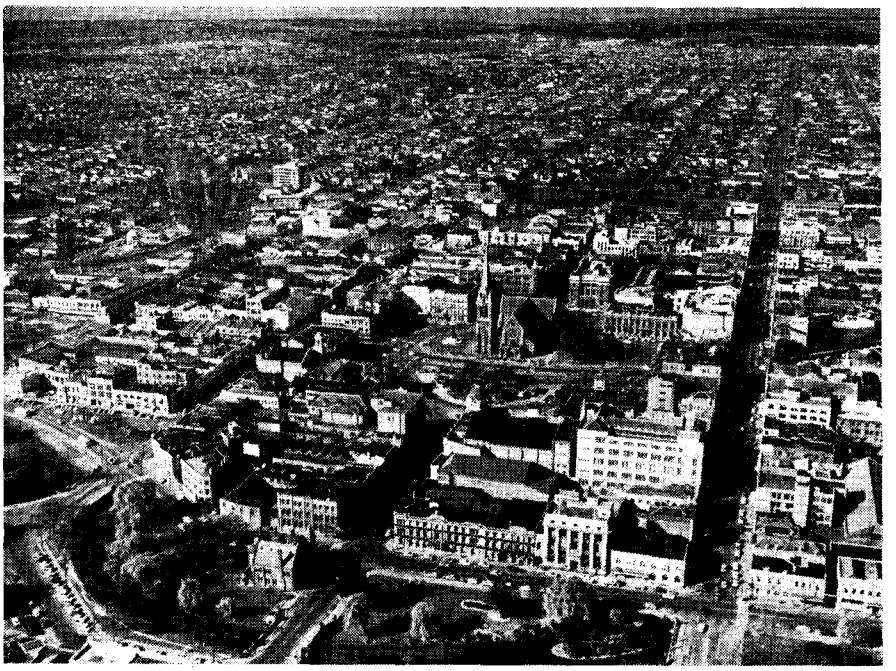
Winter's shadows soften the craggy green landscape of King Country, and late afternoon brings an even more velvety cast. "This is the time of day," said the Kiwi at the wheel, "when a person will try to make a real estate sale. The shadows make the land look so desirable you can't help but get a better deal." The omnipresent sheep and black Angus cattle clung to the sheer hillsides like mountain goats. On a high road heading east near the center of the North Island we stopped to behold the wintry splendor of Mounts Ruapehu, Ngauruhoe, and Egmont, their 8,000-foot-plus snowcaps towering above the clouds in a proud triumvirate. Ruapehu lures Aucklanders for weekend skiing excursions; Ngauruhoe has been conquered by only two skiers, one of whom was Jean-Claude Killy, who dropped onto the slopes from a helicopter so he could make a film of the event. Egmont is New Zealand's Fuji, its angular peak rearing above the clouds like a great white pyramid.

At dusk, we rounded Lake Taupo, New Zealand's largest (234 square miles), and stopped for the night at another Tourist Hotel Corporation outpost in Wairakei. The first thing that hits a visitor to Wairakei is the billowing steam rising from an active volcano zone that runs 150 miles northeast from Mount Ruapehu to Taupo, Rotorua, and on to White Island in the Bay of Plenty. Wairakei is the site of New Zealand's first geothermal-steam power station. It started generating power in 1958, the second such scheme in the world after Lardarello in Italy, which began to utilize a drier steam in 1931. The Wairakei plant generates some 10 per cent of New Zealand's electrical power. Another New Zealand feed sent me to a faraway slumberland that night, and I didn't hear the rumbling of nearby steam until I was up with the morning fog and frost next day.

As the fog burned away to reveal another blue July day, we went out on a Thermal Safari conducted by a wry Maori who assured us that despite all the rumbling, hissing, and fulminating activity along the way, the hazards were minimal. At the Craters of the Moon, a series of steaming caldrons, a sign warned: EXTREME DANGER. UNSTABLE GROUND. Steam was pouring from tree stumps like a smoldering forest fire. Mud pools of pink, brown, and gray bubbled like giant vats of soup. At the Rogue ("untamable, rebellious, and defiant crater," according to our leader) the ground shook the bus so strongly that a few customers hesitated to disembark and go any nearer. Those of us who did venture forth stood beside the spritzing, bubbling crucible, while the earth heaved beneath our feet. Sheep grazed passively on a nearby hillside; there were hoof marks at the crater's edge to show how little respect these local tenants have for the Rogue.

Back in the bus, a New Zealand woman asked me if I'd take a letter back to the States and mail it or deliver it to her niece in Boston. I took the request as a small indication of how remotely situated New Zealanders still think their country is, even though an air-mail letter surely would reach Boston in less than five days, sooner than my return. I felt like a courier from nineteenth-century whaling days. My Kiwi friend, however, merely laughed at my inference. "She just wants to save the postage," he said. "We've got a lot of Scots here, too, you know."

Rotorua, north of Wairakei, hisses with even more thermal activity. Hotels with warm springs and thermal baths line the main street, their neon signs suggesting a miniature Reno or Las Vegas. Rotorua is also a center of the slowly reviving Maori culture, which nearly died out earlier in the century. We caught a Maori show at the DB Hotel, and, although the performers were confined to a sterile auditorium and fewer than two dozen tourists were in attendance, they jumped and clapped and shrieked their way through a spirited and roundly applauded demonstration. One of the trademarks is a tongue-wagging, eye-popping face the male dancer makes while going through his frenzied gyrations. The tongue sticking straight out means defiance;



Christchurch on the South Island—"parks aflutter with athletics, boys entangled in rugby scrums."

WIT TWISTER #176

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

That _ _ _ _ _ maintains that
spading helps things grow.
He dug up every _ _ _ _ _ in
this row!
Though each one died, his arguments persist.
I wish I dared _ _ _ _ _ them
with my fist!

—A.S.

(*Answer on page 42*)

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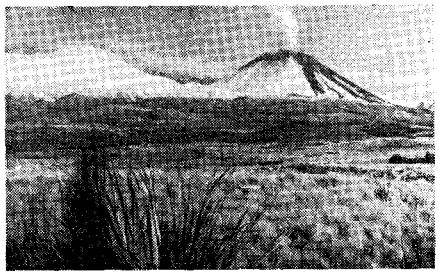

Mount Ngauruhoe— "skied by Killy."

when hooked to one side, good will. The same faces appear on Maori wood carvings that decorate meeting halls and other buildings in Rotorua. I made the face every time I felt my companions needed a lift, though never in the presence of any Maoris. There is something sad about their lot; one thinks of the American Indian, who also had the land before the white man came and now faces cultural extinction. Most New Zealanders of European origin I met knew little about the Maoris. Several seemed surprised that the narrator of the Maori show—an older woman everyone calls Bubbles—could speak with such a cultured, clipped British accent.

Next morning we three correspondents compared notes and found we had all dreamed vivid, exotic dreams the night before. It wasn't the food, we decided, but the sulphurous odor that becomes more intense in Rotorua as the air grows more humid. We flew that day to Christchurch, New Zealand's Cathedral City on the South Island, and before catching a plane to Australia took in a bit of New Zealand's most English of settlements. The city's parks were aflutter with athletics: boys entangled in rugby scrums like so many spiders, and thick-limbed girls (and some women) scrapping on dozens of adjacent basketball courts in Hagley Park.

The naked trees, the bluish-gray sky, the hint of smoke—it could have been an autumn Saturday in New England or Great Britain. Derek Davies, a Welsh newsman working out of Hong Kong, watched a collegiate rugby game at Lancaster Park and thought the same thing. "God, this could be Saturday afternoon in Wales or southern England," he said. "The weather's the same, the architecture's the same, the population's the same—well, they look ruddier here, and the women are fatter—but everything else is the same." I couldn't argue.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 41: brute, tuber, rebut.

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Chess Corner No. 155

What is so rare as a sparkling miniature between paladins? In a recent match between the Soviet Union and the rest of the world, champion Boris Spassky belays great Dane Bent Larsen in seventeen moves, and with a timely, precise, accurate, and overpowering boom, boom, boom triumphs amid regal splendor.

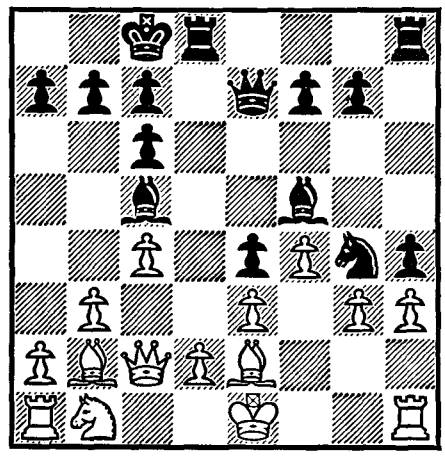
First a knight goes by the wayside apparently for no reason at all; then a rook is "sacked," in an singularly curious way; and finally, when Larsen is apparently bumptiously rollicking home, momentarily forgetful of his invincibility, comes the sockdolager—the mere gain of a tempo, dynamically leading to checkmate.

The game begins on a hypermodern rather than a classical note. Larsen is White and signifies his contempt by the bizarre *fianchetto* of his queen bishop, annulling his first-move initiative. And while Larsen regales in the irrelevant froth, Spassky pre-empts the center, collects tempi, gives vent to his imagination, and concocts a "combino" long to be remembered in Caissa's archives.

A masochistic joy, and negative immortality are, undoubtedly, Larsen's acknowledgment in this tour de force.

Queen's Fianchetto Opening

Larsen White	Spassky Black	Larsen White	Spassky Black
1 P-QN3	P-K4	7 P-K3	B-B4
2 B-N2	N-QB3	8 B-K2	Q-K2
3 P-QB4	N-B3	9 Q-B2	O-O-O
4 N-KB3	P-K5	10 P-B4	N-N5
5 N-Q4	B-B4	11 P-N3	P-KR4
6 NxN	QPxN	12 P-KR3	P-R5



13 PxN	PxP	16 R-B1	Q-R5ch
14 R-N1	R-R8	17 K-Q1	PxR/Qch
15 RxR	P-N7	Resigns	

—Al Horowitz.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Curiouser and Curiouser

SOMETIMES, watching the Federal Communications Commission, one gets the sense that it makes no difference which end of the stick the public interest is holding—it's always the short end. Consider the commission's recent decision renewing the licenses of the eight noncommercial educational television stations of the Alabama state network. Before the renewals, the FCC had received complaints from the Faculty Senate of the University of Alabama and from individuals charging that the Alabama Educational Television Commission (AETC), which feeds the state network, had systematically censored black-oriented special programs and regular series distributed nationally by NET.

The FCC gave the licensee an opportunity to comment. The state's politically appointed ETV commission, which last year was granted centralized authority over all the Alabama ETV stations (formerly, they had been independently run), denied the charges of racial discrimination. Its blackout of the canceled programs, the authority said, was due entirely to the presence in them of ". . . lewd, vulgar, obscene, profane, or repulsive material."

The FCC majority (four to three) accepted the explanation out of hand, asserting that matters of taste were within the judgment of the licensee, who has "wide discretion in choosing the programing to meet the needs and interests of the community." The majority concluded, "Here we are dealing with a few programs which in the licensee's opinion contain certain offensive material." The conclusion was true but hardly sufficient: Ignored completely was the *substance* of the complainant's charges, namely that the Alabama ETV network is not meeting the needs and interests of its black community, which comprises 30 per cent of its viewing audience. The state authority merely asserted that the network was meeting its public interest requirements; it made no showing to that effect. The AETC said that a total of 217 hours during a relevant period "either were integrated or involved a Negro complement entirely." However, of that total, 155 hours were devoted to morning and afternoon showings of *Sesame Street*. Black faces occasionally appear on Alabama ETV, but no one can seriously maintain that any programs produced *within* the state can even begin to reflect significant dimensions of the problems of the black constituency.

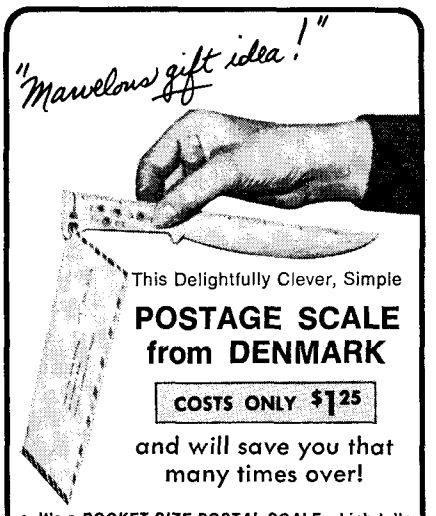
Commissioners Johnson, Cox, and H. Rex Lee dissented, urging at least an investigation to determine the raw facts. Why couldn't the Alabama stations, Johnson argued, just pre-empt objectionable shows rather than blot out a whole series of programs?

The complaint from as distinguished a source as the university's Faculty Senate (which had voted unanimously to petition the FCC) raised serious questions about an anti-black programing bias. Couldn't the FCC even bother to ask a few more questions, let alone justifiably order a hearing? Now flash back to 1967, Jackson, Mississippi, the famous WLBT/Church of Christ case, in which a commercial station was charged with discrimination in its programs. The commission gave the commercial station a probationary, one-year renewal. The station had said its lack of local black shows was balanced by its carrying of network programs that were black-oriented. The commission insisted that the station had made no such *showing*. If a showing is crucial, why must a commercial station make one at the network end, and a noncommercial station be relieved of making one at the local end?

The answer is, apparently, ETV stations can do damn well what they please (except be "lewd, vulgar," etc.), and the FCC will roll over and play dead. As Commissioner Johnson remarked: "We have traveled this wearisome road before." It's sort of like the Mad Hatter's tea party in *Alice in Wonderland*: You move round the table while the things pile up and it's always 6 o'clock. "I'm getting tired of this," yawned the March Hare. "Let's change the subject." Alice walked out, but Alabama's black people can't walk out: They're chained to that table.

It gets curiouser and curiouser that the FCC's thrust these days, anent commercial monopolies, is to break up and diversify concentrations of media control. But a state monopoly, which is politically appointed, gets merely an FCC yawn and a "Let's change the subject."

Alabama has always been proud of its technically spectacular ETV network, and so it should be—technically. But Alabama's pride today should be the Faculty Senate of the University of Alabama and the dissenting commissioners, Johnson, Cox, and Lee.



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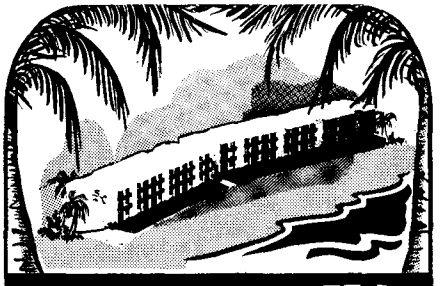

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

A Verdian "Otello" at the Cincinnati Zoo Opera

CINCINNATI, O.

PERHAPS the last thing to be anticipated in a season of outdoor opera is an absorbing performance of Verdi's *Otello*, especially in the surroundings of the Cincinnati Summer (Zoo) Opera, where it hasn't been heard in nearly a quarter century. The next to last thing to be anticipated is a performance whose driving force as Iago came from baritone Louis Quilico, well known in some contexts but hardly at all in this role. The Canadian-born Quilico was standing in for Kostas Paskalis, detained in Greece because of a serious illness in his family. He gave solidity as well as subtlety to a well-matched cast ably conducted by Anton Guadagno.

The operatic gods would thus have seemed to provide the farewell season of the Zoo Opera with an appropriately favorite turn of fate, in which one singer's misfortune is another's opportunity. However this "farewell" itself is in an even more venerable operatic tradition. All operatic farewells, from Patti's to the present, are subject to reprise, and so, too, is this one. The transformation of Cincinnati's celebrated Music Hall into an air-conditioned, all-purpose auditorium that will accommodate the summer opera as well as the winter symphony is running behind schedule and will not be completed until fall 1971.

Thus there will be one more opportunity, in 1971, for those of an operatic interest who have not indulged it in Cincinnati to look in on a venture that has persisted across five decades in the same bosky locale. This gives it precedence over any other American opera activity in being, and for a good reason. Unlike some other summer-based activities, it has not fallen victim to the perils of the asphalt jungle. The jungle creatures nearby, from the alligators peacefully snoozing in loglike piles to the monkeys hopping about their man-made paradise, are well fed and well housed. The sole sounds of discontent came from the caged songbirds eager to join voices with the uncaged ones.

As operatic plants go, the pavilion that houses these summer activities is fairly primitive, certainly lacking the resources to satisfy a director who conceives *Otello* as "grand opera." But Styrk Orwoll, who has lived with these limitations long enough to know how to exploit them, has produced an *Otello* that concentrates on essentials. It also gets out of its own way sufficiently to enable the performers to deliver the essence of Verdi's character studies in depth and with truth, even if it is lacking in scenic gloss, visual sheen, or mass maneuvers by courtiers and choristers.

What it possessed in abundance was excellent orchestral playing (the personnel is drawn largely from the Cincinnati Symphony) under the knowing direction of Guadagno, whose sure sense of procedure might well command the respectful attention of the Metropolitan the next time *Otello* has its turn in the repertory. Together they set the mood and created the frame for a vigorous projection of Verdi's dramatic masterpiece by a cast that varied widely in degrees of experience and vocal suitability but had one indispensable attribute in common: a primary concern with Verdi and his characters rather than with themselves.

Quilico's excellent effort aside, the extremes of experience and suitability were best exemplified by Leonard del Ferro as Otello and Mary Costa as Desdemona. New Yorkers who remember del Ferro for a single, nearly disastrous Don José in *Carmen* at the old Metropolitan could hardly believe the transformation represented by his Otello. It is vocally coarse and more often than not an approximation of Verdi's line rather than an exact reproduction of what he wrote, but he has evolved a character study that fires Otello's smoldering jealousy to a consuming blaze. Miss Costa's prior identification with such roles as Violetta and Manon would hardly prepare one for a conventional kind of heavily tragic Desdemona, and it is, indeed, anything but. It is a well-shaded study in womanly trust and faith converted into bewilderment and confusion by Otello's insane rages and inane jealousies. Miss Costa's well-known blonde beauty enables her to portray a Desdemona much younger in appearance than the average, while her musicality and vocal command preserved to the end the resources for a beautifully phrased "Willow Song" and an affecting "Ave Maria." What she has to offer, both vocally and dramatically, could make her outstanding in this role before too long.

Between the two focal points of the drama Quilico took Iagoish pleasure in fomenting the suspicions that culminate in murder and suicide. To set it in perspective, his conception struck my ear as closely modeled on Leonard Warren's, in the shape of a line, the hang of a phrase, the thrust on this word or that. A perilous path for the average baritone to pursue, Quilico showed that he has ample resource to tread the parallel course and sufficient individual impulse to arrive at a destination of his own. The surest index to the quality of Quilico's effort was the spontaneous response to his "Brindisi" in Act I, and the intermission exchanges of approval by attendants who had not known of his existence an hour before.

For a first-time visitor to Cincinnati's summer opera, other pleasurable surprises included the quality of the second-line personnel (a promising mezzo named Rita De Carlo as Emilia, the talented John Stewart as Cassio, and James Morris as a particularly promising Lodovico) and the excellence of the chorus trained by Jonathan Dudley. On the other hand, some of the cuts in the score were destructive of suitably Verdian sequence and, in an instance or two, a deprivation of musical material that could ill be spared. Orwoll's clever use of the constricted stage space managed to suggest physical relationships that really did not exist, thanks to the values of perspective in Henry Heymann's economical décor. To return to the first strain of this *aria da capo*, this *Otello* was not only dramatically vital and musically Verdian, but an instructive example of wholehearted, intelligent intent rising superior to physical limitations.

The other opera in this late July week was Bizet's *Carmen*. It could be described as entertaining rather than illuminating, and dedicated, under Bodo Igesz's stage direction, to the theatrically effective rather than the dramatically truthful. No small measure of this result must be attributed to the kind of Carmen performed by Shirley Verrett, abetted by the uneven conducting of Everett Lee (vigorous with the orchestra alone, much less so with the principals), both newcomers to Cincinnati opera. Miss Verrett's Carmen was flashy and self-serving, dedicated to the exposition of her considerable vocal resources rather than to the projection of a serious study, in depth, of Carmen's character. What emerged was, on the whole, a solo recitation by Miss Verrett, with a gulf of both ability and assertiveness in the parts of Salvador Novoa (a small-scaled José) and Lois Crane (a tentative Micaela). There was, however, a promising Escamillo by John Darrenkamp, James Morris made much of the opportunities afforded to Zuniga, and William MacFarland generated a sound that attracted the ear as Morales.

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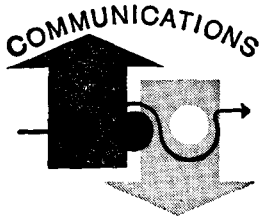

Communications Editor:
RICHARD L. TOBIN

In Praise of the Subjunctive

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American anti-intellectualism is nothing new. In a frontier land where mere survival occupied man night and day, it was natural to look down upon more effete arts and to revere brawn over brains; this seed once rooted has been next to impossible to eradicate. Charles Dickens was not the only foreign visitor to deride Yankee preoccupation with money-making and material objectives, although one would think we might have changed somewhat in a century. But we haven't, and if proof were needed anew, all a latter-day guest to these shores would have to do would be to listen to the latest TV commercial for a certain cigarette that claims that you can have good grammar or good taste, but not both. This insanity of logic grows from the anti-intellectual seed Dickens and other visitors discerned in decades past, particularly as regards the American language.

"Like" as a conjunction is surely a minor irritant among so many anti-intellectualisms in America, yet it is symptomatic of the disease. To use "as" or "as though" stamps a man nowadays as a crashing esthete to be waved out of the supermasculine mold approved of by all mass media, particularly on the air. Father may be a complete dope in the weekly situation comedy, a person bereft of common sense, command, education, or intelligence of the barest sort, a just target for every other member of his dominating family, but in one respect he will never let his TV audience down: He will always *talk* like a *man*. He will use double negatives, "like" as a conjunction, "contact" as a verb, he'll say "ain't," he won't know the subject from the object when it comes to pronouns, and he will never, never use anything as fancy pants as the subjunctive. If the sentence requires "were," because it entertains possibilities of thought, he will certainly use "was." To do otherwise would be to stab his mother in the back, spit on the flag, desecrate the home, and undo generations of virile American males who would rather be strung up on the nearest telephone pole than be caught grammatical.

What is there about the subjunctive that frightens off the average American? The subjunctive is not primarily concerned with fact, but with conjecture, thought, emotion. Is that what throws Mr. American Man? Is it a frontier-conditioned fear that someone will think him impractical, a dreamer and not a worker? Surely traditional anti-intellectualism finds its roots in similar soil, for what brawny male between the oceans is going to be caught using words like "lest" and "except" in the subjunctive mood when he can talk like John Wayne? In the first case he will be suspect, most likely an incipient hippie on the verge of letting his hair grow and his business go to pot, while in the second he will be guaranteed understanding acceptance as "a man" amongst his fellow "men." Why risk all this simply to express himself in precise and lovely language? If he know sorrow, he will keep this vagrant emotion to himself in the best swaggering tradition, lest male peers begin to doubt his virility. For, though his heart were about to break, Mr. America must keep it all locked up inside and express himself still in the short declarative grammar of the frontier, which had no time for emotion and no use for fancy talk.

The subjunctive is a useful language tool all the same. Its beauty unsurpassed as a mood or a way of ventilating heart and mind, the subjunctive is most useful in expressing hopes, beliefs, exhortations, fears, desires, doubts, small sorrows, missed opportunities. The subjunctive is associated usually with conditions, wishes, possibilities. For example: "Would I were a

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bird!" Or: "I wish I were anywhere else." Or: "If I were you, I'd get out of here." But most American males would put it this way by preference: "I wish I was anywhere else," "I wish I was in Dixie," etc. It may be illiterate and ungrammatical, but it doesn't sound quite so fancy to the male ear as the subjunctive.

Just the same, one must agree with Theodore Bernstein, our old linguistic friend on *The New York Times*, who feels that the subjunctive is vanishing in modern English, particularly in the United States. Although we often use such subjunctive phrases as: "Far be it from me" or "The public be damned," we are not likely to express ourselves in a more antique mood: "Lest it be thought...." While it might be easy for us to sing a song with the phrase: "If I were king," it might be awkward if the sentence were: "Be they friends or enemies...." A lot depends on the context involved. Yet, there is beauty in the subjunctive as in no other mood or form, and it would be a sin to lose it to conformity. All of the greatest writers, particularly famous statesmen, have used the subjunctive wisely and well. Lincoln wrote in his Second Inaugural Address: "But let us judge not, that we be not judged," and you can't say it better than that. A poet might write: "If this be I, as I suppose it be..." and not have too many imitators among the American male, who might take more interest in something else poetic: "What care I how fair she be? . . . If ladies be but young and fair." No matter how you look at it, we would lose not inconsiderable beauty of thought and language were we to offer the subjunctive on the sacrificial altar of our supermasculine society, a world of anti-intellectualism come what may.

—R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Thirteen-year-olds' Reading Levels

R.L.T.'s recent editorial "News and the Functional Illiterate" [*SR*, June 13] has temporarily relieved me from the unflattering sobriquet of "paranoiac." With succinct scrutiny he has, in my opinion, diagnosed the sadly deforming disease of our denizens. Wearing several hats as an employee of one of the largest service companies in our country, there is not a day that my sensibilities are not scathed by the literate limitations of men in presiding positions. The "Peter Principle" is the pattern; perceptions rarely go beyond the ink blots on their desk blotters. I suspect Robert Townsend of *Up the Organization* did his research here, moonlighting as a janitor.

In 1961, John Gardner in his book *Excellence* warned of the static intellectual input of society; 89 per cent of our people neither read nor comprehend beyond the thirteen-year-old level. Semantically he sirened this shrill alert, and yet few seemed to hear. Is this perhaps a civilian defense only to be prepared for the alarums of civil defense? A society can become ill by the ingestion of capsules; we are narcotized by nuances. I suggest that Emerson's "wigwam" has not become outmoded; it merely has undergone a refurbishing with electronic opiates. What good is the deluge if stoned minds reject as irritation the irrigation of the intellectual soil?

ELAYNE LANSBURG,
New York, N.Y.

I SHOULD LIKE to point out that the plight of the literate person is almost as serious as that of the functionally illiterate. In addition to the daily newspaper and the weekly and monthly magazines, books are necessary for a well-informed and cheerful mind. Mere articles and abbreviated literary works will not suffice. Yet, books are not available in any real sense to the great majority of American people. I do not believe that public libraries will be found in the majority of towns of a population of fewer than about seven thousand people. Nor will there be a bookstore. That means that there are thousands of villages and thousands of square miles where no such amenities exist. Where can the millions of people in these areas go for books? The answer is, the rack in the corner drugstore. It is likely that even the literate and intelligent among these become with the years uninformed, unentertained, and apathetic.

Even if one could afford to buy all the books necessary for one's continuing education and enjoyment, how could one discover the suitable book? A book purchased on the recommendation of a review turns out to be not at all what one expected. Furthermore, reviews are not eminently suitable even for the selection of a book in a library, for the book is not yet in the library when the review appears. In other words, a book must be handled, leafed through, and read carefully here and there before it is chosen.

If a public is to be literate, books must be all about. A bookmobile is not enough. It seems to me that there are several places crying out for use. Among these are churches; usually space can be found there for an attractive center for books. In addition to libraries in churches, school libraries could be made available and attractive to the public. And, finally, it seems to me that parks and other suitable places of amusement might have small reading centers.

RUTH H. CLINE,
Charlottesville, Va.

Cut Out the Middleman

EVELYN KOBLER'S suggestion that newspapers and some national magazines be made available to families on welfare has great merit [LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR, July 11]. I will gladly support her proposal with one procedural change: Instead of appealing to the government to set up a new agency to handle the program, why not appeal directly to the publishers? No matter how the program is handled, those of us not (yet) on welfare will have to support it. Why boost our cost by tossing in a new government bureau? And, who knows, if publishers handle it, some advertisers might find a new market in the welfare zone.

L. J. HARDY,
Mountain View, Calif.

City Editor as PR Man

I APPLAUD Norman Hill's "When Journalists Become PR Men" [*SR*, June 13] and the idea that PR men do not make the news. They serve best their company and the press when they become honest lines of communication.

After ten years on a newspaper, I left to handle public relations (it was publicity then) for a large corporation based in Atlanta. Having just left the city editor's desk, I knew full well that my only hope of salvation lay in putting the facts on the line, and I had a boss who wanted it that way. Cast in such a role, you are on sound ground when it is necessary to challenge some assertion.

HUNTER BELL,
Atlanta, Ga.

I READ Norman Hill's PR article with interest and generally agreed with much of it, except the beginning. I have been in corporate PR for nine years, after having spent twelve years in daily newspapers and broadcast journalism, and with the wire services covering politics and state government. Mr. Hill is correct in saying that the PR man's role is misunderstood, but I disagree with his view that "few admire him, least of all most working journalists."

I believe most newsmen have come not only to accept but to rely heavily on professional PR people. Indeed, the news media would be hard put today if they

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had to rely solely on their own resources to report the news—in government, business, or wherever. My experience has been that newsmen and PR people increasingly have developed a mutual respect for one another as professionals who are interdependent. I would add, however, that this respect and confidence are badly undermined by those in PR who inundate the news media with self-serving pap posing as legitimate news copy.

I would also dispute another assertion by Hill, who seems to imply that, in adjusting to PR, the newsman is the one who may have the most to lose. I believe any journalist deludes himself by feeling that he brings all the answers with him into PR. The myth is that all ex-journalists make good PR people. This is not true. In many instances journalists have a basic misunderstanding of what responsible PR entails—particularly at a time when corporations must operate in a rapidly changing social and political environment.

The most successful public relations people, it seems to me, are not only those who are able to write expertly or are truly creative in some other way, but those who are also intelligent, perceptive, and flexible. They are individuals for whom learning about society and its institutions and needs is a continuing process. They are people who can inspire others by articulating and achieving goals. They are people who persevere when the going gets tough, and who are willing to voice their convictions. It is usually these individuals who contribute most significantly to their own personal satisfaction and advancement and to the organization that pays their salary.

HERB LINNEN,
New York, N.Y.

On the Ball

RE: R.L.T.'s editorial "Is Baseball Really Like That?" [*SR*, July 11]. I've read a dozen or so columns and reviews on the Jim Bouton book *Ball Four*. And we serialized the book itself.

Mr. Tobin's is such a landmark of lucidity and incisiveness I had to tell you: S-t-r-i-k-e!

ROLFE NEILL,
Editor, Philadelphia *Daily News*,
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Poor Printer

THE BIASED ARTICLE by A. H. Raskin "Automation's Armageddon" [*SR*, July 11] did little to improve *SR*'s image. One wonders if the editors failed to identify Mr. Raskin because they felt ashamed somehow of the whole thing. He says printers' pay is out of line. Are they making more than other newspaper workers, or than workers in other fields? Almost no printers today make as much as $5 an hour. What self-respecting construction worker would work for that? The truth is that nationwide one would be hard pressed to find a less militant union than the ITU. Mr. Raskin tells us that New York newspaper printers are getting $184.43 weekly. What are the pressmen, engravers, stereotypers, or reporters getting? One wonders.

He lauds the benefits of automation. Cleveland Amory recently illustrated one of the less advertised benefits when he printed examples of atrocious hyphenation culled from the Toledo *Blade*. He was, most likely, unaware that the hyphenation had been performed by a computer. Consider this. If printers are so unreasonable, how can *Forbes* report that the newspaper business is one of the most lucrative? How can a newspaper publisher start with next to nothing and become a billionaire?

JOHN GROVE,
Harrisburg, Pa.

Overgenerous Tebbel

I AM AFRAID John Tebbel was somewhat too generous to us in his article "Recruiting in the Inner City" [*SR*, July 11]. The Press-Enterprise effort, cosponsored by the Dow Jones Newspaper Fund, will not "attempt to create a new newspaper for the black and Mexican-American community." A modest number of junior high school age youngsters, with the guidance and counsel of two young women, Jane Manning and Patti Cox, are simply putting out a small, mimeographed weekly for one minority neighborhood. Our hope, of course, is to interest youngsters in journalism, in terms both of their future education and their careers.

NORMAN A. CHERNISS,
Associate Editor,
Press-Enterprise Company,
Riverside, Calif.

Two Atrocities at Mylai

I ENJOYED Seymour M. Hersh's article "How I Broke the Mylai 4 Story" [*SR*, July 11]. Hersh unquestionably did a fine job of reporting the incident. But I don't think we should let his job overshadow the error made by so many in choosing not to cover the story sooner. Hersh and the Dispatch News Service revealed two atrocities: one allegedly committed by soldiers in Vietnam; another by journalists who failed to report the incident when it occurred.

NANCY MYERS,
Co-editor, SoCal Magazine,
University of Southern California,
Los Angeles, Calif.

"If that's not a kite, we're in trouble."

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Is "Right of Access" Coming?

by GILBERT CRANBERG

Editors who attended the recent annual meeting of the American Society of Newspaper Editors heard the customary report from the Society's Freedom of Information Committee about the challenges faced by the press during 1970. Included in this year's report, however, was a special section devoted to developments along the "right of access" front. The unprecedented attention accorded right of access by ASNE is a measure of its impact during the three years since it was proposed by Professor Jerome A. Barron in a *Harvard Law Review* article.

The 1968 biennial conference of the American Civil Liberties Union gave the Barron thesis an initial boost by passing resolutions urging the organization's national board of directors to file suits to establish a legal right of access to the press. The American Bar Association's Section of Individual Rights and Responsibilities scheduled a session on "Mass Media: Rights of Access and Reply" at last year's ABA national convention. Publishers being billed by lawyers for defending them in right of access litigation have learned that Barron's thinking is more than a catchy subject for articles, resolutions, and discussion.

The legal actions to date have concentrated on advertising, chiefly "editorial advertising" that conveys a noncommercial message. The only successful suits as yet have been against publicly run agencies: city bus systems, a municipal subway, a public bus terminal, and a state university campus newspaper. In each of these cases the courts upheld the right of the advertiser to have his message displayed.

Suits on advertising are in keeping with Barron's belief that a right of access should be established initially on the issue of advertising. The same legal theory could then be applied to the editorial content of newspapers.

In Barron's view, the airing of novel and unpopular ideas in the press will not be achieved without "an interpretation of the First Amendment which focuses on the idea that restraining the hand of government is quite useless in assuring free speech if a restraint on access is effectively secured by private groups." He would unshackle the "restraint" by court suits and laws to compel the printing of unorthodox and minority views, with the current preference being through legal action.

The prospect that alarms ASNE is that of courts or other government agencies telling the press what it must print. Even severe critics of the press consider Barron's prescription for making newspapers accountable to government strong medicine. The proposal for court-enforced access to news channels, says press critic Ben Bagdikian, is "bringing in tigers to get rid of rats."

The right of access suit with the greatest significance for privately owned newspapers of general circulation grew out of the effort last year by the Chicago Joint Board, Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America Union, to place an advertisement in each of Chicago's four daily newspapers. The ad sought to explain the union's campaign against the sale of imported clothing and its picketing of Marshall Field & Company.

As a leading outlet for imported clothing, the department store was a special target of the union's drive to convince customers to stop buying foreign-made goods until the exporting countries agreed to voluntary quotas. The union contended that exporting countries would not agree to enter voluntary agreements as long as Marshall Field and other retailers continued to make unrestricted purchases of imported clothing.

The four Chicago dailies—the *Tribune*, the *Today*, the *Daily News*, and the *Sun-Times*—rejected the advertisement on the ground that while the text stated a number of retail outlets sold foreign-made clothing, the ad was directed solely against Marshall Field. The *Tribune*'s general advertising manager said he decided the ad was "unfair and would be misleading" in that it "singles out one retailer in Chicago as selling foreign-made merchandise and urges readers not to buy such merchandise from this retailer." Marshall Field & Company, of course, is a major advertiser in the four papers. Field Enterprises, Inc., owns the Chicago *Daily News* and the Chicago *Sun-Times*.

The union's complaint in Federal District Court in Chicago stressed the local "control and monopolization of the general circulation newspaper industry" by the four papers. It declared, "Newspapers are a uniquely effective medium for the communication and expression of ideas and opinions, and there is no satisfactory substitute for one who is denied access to newspaper space for the expression of ideas and opinions." Having monopolized the newspaper business in the Chicago area, the union charged, the papers are "under an obligation to permit all persons to purchase space in defendants' newspapers for the purpose of presenting their views and opinions on matters of public importance." The union asserted that rejection of the ad violated its right of free speech guaranteed by the First and Fourteenth amendments and its right to equal protection of the laws guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment.

The chief legal hurdle to clear in a right of access suit is the problem of state action. The First and Fourteenth amendments are protections against abridgment of rights by government. Newspapers are private enterprises, are not licensed by government, and have no readily apparent governmental character.

Professor Barron would clear the hurdle by declaring that even though newspapers are privately sponsored, they are "dedicated to a public use." He reasons that the "blurring of what is 'private' and what is 'public,' which is characteristic of so much of our national and economic life, may create an access-oriented approach to First Amendment values which will endow any natural or obvious forum in our society with responsibilities for stimulating the communication of ideas."

The union tackled the "state action" problem by stressing the ways government "participates" in the functioning of the press—the Mayor of Chicago and other state and local officials hold press conferences; press passes are issued by the Chicago Police Department; public buildings maintain special pressrooms; newsstands occupy public sidewalk space; newspapers are exempt from certain taxes; legal notices, constitutional amendments, and various ordinances are required to be published in the press.

The union's brief relied heavily on analogy with other private entities whose quasi-public character led the Supreme Court to hold them to be engaged in state action when they denied individuals rights of expression. The cases concerned a company town's refusal to permit the distribution of religious literature on its streets and the refusal by a shopping center and super-

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market to permit picketing on the premises. In both cases, the union argued, the entities exercised "monopoly control in an area of vital public concern."

An *amicus curiae* brief submitted by the Illinois affiliate of the American Civil Liberties Union cited the same company town case and quoted the Supreme Court: "The more an owner, for his advantage, opens up his property for use by the public in general, the more do his rights become circumscribed by the statutory and constitutional rights of those who use it." The Illinois ACLU brief reasoned: "The defendant newspapers have opened up their advertising space generally to the public, and, therefore, the newspapers' rights are circumscribed by the plaintiff's exercise of its First Amendment rights."

Federal Judge Abraham L. Marovitz ruled against the union last December when he upheld the motion by the newspapers for summary judgment. The judge said he could see no relationship between the right to distribute literature on the streets of a privately owned municipality, or the right to picket a privately owned shopping center, and the "right" to have an ad printed in a newspaper. No other private industry, he pointed out, has been afforded special Constitutional protection. "Quite simply," he added, "the business of newspapers is not inherently governmental." The judge elaborated: "The reporting of the day's events and related commentary is not a governmental function. Indeed, the opposite is true. While the government and its officials make news, they do not publish it. Significantly, while a company town may be likened to a municipal corporation and a private shopping center to a public business district, there is no state press, no American equivalent to *Izvestia* or *Pravda*.

"Surely officials and agencies supply the press with information, but the function of reporting this information rests with the members of the media who may report as they see fit or not at all. Then, too, public buildings often have special facilities for members of the press, and statutes require publication of various items in the newspapers. However, none of these facts compels a conclusion that the press and the government are significantly intertwined or that the role of the press is an inherently governmental one.

"In sum, the function of the press from the days when the Constitution was written to the present time has never been conceived as anything but a private enterprise, free and independent of government control and supervision. Rather than state power and participation pervading the operation of the press, the news media and the government have had a history of disassociation.

"We are not insensitive to the problems that have developed or may arise because of a lack of access to the market place of ideas. One of the tragedies of our age is that the failure to communicate effectively through conventional means has led some to attempt to persuade unconventionally and often violently. To the extent that the market mechanism is impaired, to the extent that discussion is not effectively full as well as legally free, we think that the public is done a disservice. Yet, if, in many respects, private censorship is no better than public censorship, the fact remains that the right to free speech was never intended to include the right to use the other fellow's presses, that the Constitution relates only to government and not private action."

The judge's ruling is now on appeal to the Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals in Chicago. The union has been joined in the appeal by Businessmen for the Public Interest, a gadfly group of wealthy Chicago businessmen headed by Gordon B. Sherman, president of Midas International Corporation. The *amicus* brief submitted by Businessmen for the Public Interest stresses the newspaper's function as a "public forum." The brief declares that when the press hides behind the First Amendment to deny access to the "public forum" that the newspaper constitutes, "the press abuses its privileged First Amendment status. Such misuse of the First Amendment is state action."

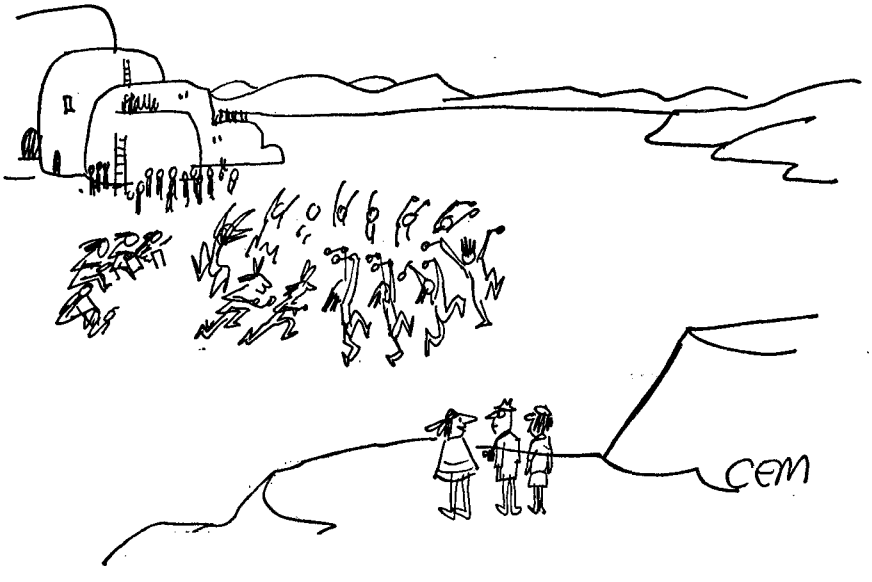
The Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals is considered to be among the most liberal in the country. Right of access advocates figure that if they are to get an "access-oriented" ruling, the Chicago newspaper case provides one of their best opportunities.

While the case of the "Chicago Four" is pending in the appeals court, the effort to convince the courts that the First Amendment should be reinterpreted to guarantee access to the press suffered a setback with the refusal of the American Civil Liberties Union to endorse the concept. The organization's 1968 biennial conference recommended to the national group that it file suits to establish a right of access for "advertising and notices," that it consider litigation to establish a right of reply in the press (another Barron proposal), and that it help form a national commission to study denials of the right of access to the mass media. Biennial conference recommendations are binding on ACLU unless rejected by the national board of directors and the rejection is sustained in a referendum vote. The national board of ACLU declined to approve the proposals; its refusal was recently upheld in the referendum. The Illinois ACLU's participation in the Chicago suit was a state affiliate action and did not represent national policy.

No organization has been more deeply involved in First Amendment litigation than the ACLU. Its refusal at this time to commit its considerable legal expertise and prestige to an access interpretation of the First Amendment reflects the organization's substantial uneasiness about the implications to freedom of the press in the Barron thesis.

Ironically, a major boost to right of access may be developing from the action of segments of the newspaper industry, including the American Newspaper Publishers Association. Their support for the Newspaper Preservation Act could provide access advocates

(*Continued on page* 57)



"A rain dance? Great heavens, no! Our $125,000 invitational golf tournament starts tomorrow."

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THE VIDEO REVOLUTION

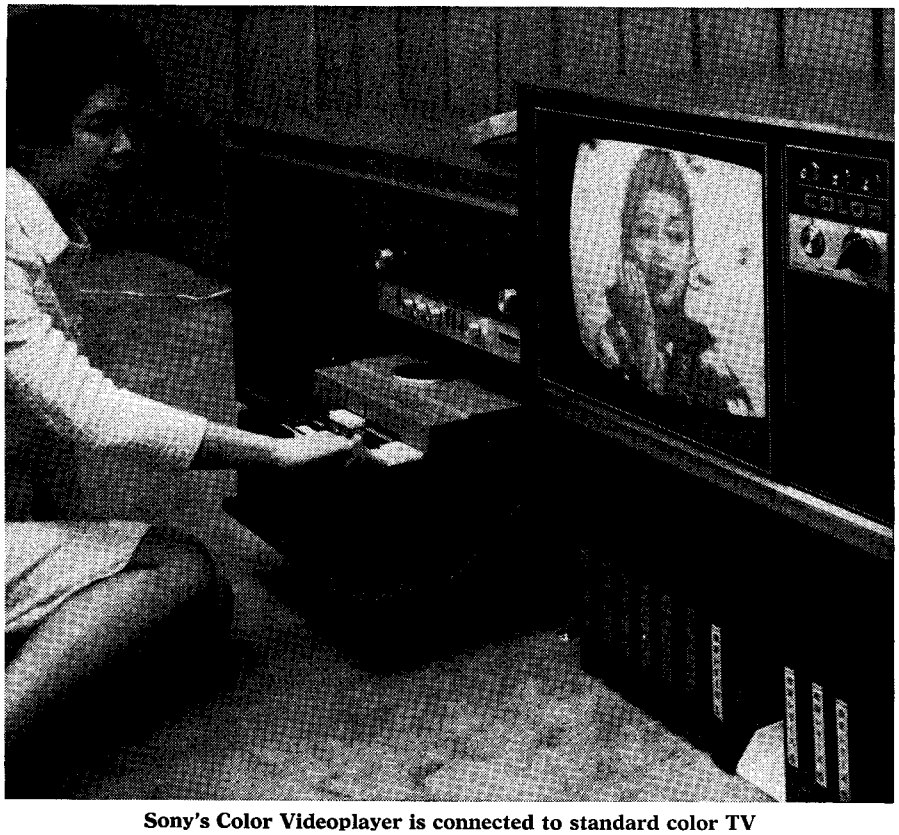
by GEORGE MOVSHON

Although he may not yet know it, the television viewer is about to be rescued. He may already be hearing cheerful "noises off" beyond the cell door. Help is on the way.

Ever since 1947, when the TV industry as we now know it emerged from the war, the viewer has been held captive by network and sponsor, condemned to take the turnkey's provender or else to switch off. Chained to the channel selector, hemmed in by the short reach of his antenna, he has been subjected to a scarring experience so profound as possibly to render him unfit for the freedom now in sight. Perhaps he is doomed to be a permanent inmate, incapable of survival outside the institution. But if he wants liberation, then the means are at hand.

Salvation will come in the form of a package of instruments, a device no bigger than a breadbox, which will sit beside the television set or perhaps on top of it. Wires will run from the Box to the antenna terminals of your television receiver. When the device is set going, and the TV tuned to one of the channels not used in the locality (e.g., in New York City, 3, 6, 8, 10, or 12), you will see and hear a program *of your choice*, at a time *that suits you.* The Box exists today in a variety of prototypical forms. Soon you will be able to buy one at your appliance dealer. The programs will also be bought in stores, or rented from libraries. You will borrow *Ben Hur* from the Joneses, Brown will ask you for your copy of *Der Rosenkavalier*, your aunt will receive *The Sound of Music* for Christmas. You may come home with a mint copy of the Godkin Lectures in the brief case, perhaps to find young Susie watching The Jefferson Airplane. ("But does it have to be so loud?")

The new freedom will therefore consist of a dramatically wider range of choice, and an adaptation of programing to your convenience: a multiplied opportunity to have what you want from your television screen, when you want it. This goal has been held to be worthy before now, and there have been previous attempts to score. A decade ago, pay television sought to enrich the home viewer's choice, but went down to defeat against an alliance of movie-house owners and broadcasters. More recently cable television has emerged, to promise (and in some cities to deliver) an increment to the existing network and local service. But the Box offers the chance of a quantum jump; moreover, it beckons alluringly in just that program area where commercial networks and syndication have conspicuously failed: service to people who want something beyond news and light entertainment from their television screens.



Sony's Color Videoplayer is connected to standard color TV and hi-fi stereo components to produce instant programs.

The tyranny of numbers, the competitive quest for ratings, the drive to secure "most homes delivered" have brought the major networks to a high pitch of efficiency in handling fare for audiences that number tens and scores of millions. It is hard to imagine a better way to transfer *Laugh-In* to twenty-five million viewers than by the means of sponsored commercial networking. Nor does any imminent technological development threaten the networks' role in their providing services of immediacy: News, sports, major events (like the moon shot) need the skills and equipment that a great network can command. Matters of interest and concern to tens of millions simultaneously must continue to find their natural home on the network lineup.

What the Box promises is that, at long last, it will become economically feasible, indeed profitable, to serve audiences measured in no more than hundreds of thousands: to give groups of that size a little of what they want —be it Shakespeare or fretwork, philately or philosophy, ballet or animal husbandry, how to fix your car or how to achieve nirvana. Instead of seeking to catch and sell to the greatest number simultaneously, producers can now set about pleasing—and pleasing mightily—the half-millions who, because they care deeply about a subject, will tend to dig deeply into their pockets to own or rent a television program that supports and sustains their interest. If you are skeptical at the thought of people paying for television programs—and it is a new thing in America—just consider your own personal range of interests: Is there not, in the wide spectrum between Nicol Williamson's *Hamlet* and *Nicklaus Perfects Your Golf Swing*, a program that you would buy? Yes? Well, you are not alone.

Such is the vision; but if it is a shade dim right now, that is because we are temporarily trapped in confusion about the Box and its potential. There is, to begin with, no agreement on which of several competing technical systems is going to win out: what the Box will contain in the way of mechanism, electronics, or photographics. We are not yet sure how programs will be stored, spooled, replicated, traded,

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or circulated. There is much heat in the market place, but little light. In the laboratories, researchers are sweating to make good the claims that company presidents have addressed to stockholders, and to honor the proclamations of public relations representatives whose assertions of primacy for this system over that one flow almost daily to the press. From Berlin to Tokyo, the back-room boys and the press agents are unremittingly busy. The stockholders have already been persuaded to invest hundreds of millions of dollars, in the belief that there are billions to be harvested from the Box in the Seventies. The harvest may well turn out to be as rich as all that; some industry leaders believe that by 1980 home video packaging will dominate the entire television field. But before that happens, the dust has to settle. Otherwise the public will remain confused, cautious, and inhibited.

Technological warfare in standards for consumer products is no rare phenomenon. Many remember how RCA and CBS went to war in the early Fifties over competing ways of bringing color to television. Older readers will recall the battle of the record speeds —33-1/3 versus 45 rpm—which kept record sales down during the late Forties. The present struggle is by no means so clearcut. This is not simply a choice between two competing systems, but among many; disregarding minor differences of specification, there are at least four quite distinct breeds of Box being readied for the living room. No direct comparison by obvious scales, such as cost per program minute, is possible. Moreover, if you compare the descriptions of the presently proposed systems, you will find that each has some unique and substantial virtue unmatched by the others. Sony (and similar tape-based designs) are likely to yield the best pictures and sound quality, and will therefore probably appeal to viewers to whom those considerations matter, including devotees of opera and serious music. EVR and SelectaVision would seem to give copyright owners their best protection against piracy, offering resistance, if not defiance, to the emergence of a dubbing underground, like that which flourishes today among owners of audio tape machines. EVR's capacity for storing the printed word may recommend it to some who might not otherwise choose it on a direct technical comparison with other systems. The Teldec disc seems ideal for sports packages and short-span popular music: Janis Joplin, Streisand, Simon and Garfunkel. The disc is inherently cheaper to produce in quantity than any of the competing systems. Alone among them,

Hats in the Ring

THE FOLLOWING MANUFACTURERS have announced their intention of making and selling audio-visual playback devices for use with home television receivers: American Photocopy, Ampex, Arvin, AVCO (Cartrivision), CBS (EVR), Matsushita, Japan Victor Company (Nivico), North American Philips, Norton Simon, RCA (SelectaVision), Shibaden, Sony, Teldec, and Toshiba.

Other entries into the field are expected.

Several companies have already agreed to accept the technical standards suggested by other firms. (Grundig and Dutch Philips are to use the Sony design, and are for that reason not separately listed above.)

Some of the announced machines are fully developed and ready for marketing; others have barely advanced beyond the issuance of a press handout.

The present situation is a bewildering profusion of technical approaches and standards. It is probable that no two of the fourteen makes listed above will be mutually compatible; it will not be possible to play a cassette or cartridge of one type upon the player of another type.

Some companies are at present negotiating license arrangements for the manufacture of players units; thus, the CBS-EVR player will be assembled and sold by Motorola. (An industrial version of the EVR player is announced for September, at a cost of $795; cheaper home versions will follow.)

A wide search is also under way for suitable program material ("software"), since it is logically held by some that the race will go not necessarily to the swift, but to the company offering the best catalogue. CBS has concluded an agreement with Darryl Zanuck for permission to distribute on EVR a number of pre-1965 motion pictures owned by Twentieth Century-Fox.

Among the confusing array of formats and types, it is possible to discern four radically different technical approaches. The systems below are representative of these:

EVR (Electronic Video Recording) is a process based on photographic emulsion, although electronically printed. Fathered by Dr. Peter Goldmark, inventor of the long-playing record, EVR first appeared in 1968 as a seven-inch diameter cartridge storing two twenty-five-minute programs side by side on film 8.75 mm wide. EVR now has color capacity, but at a loss of half the previous projection time, because one-half of the available picture area must be used to store the color-coding information or "chrominance." The sound comes from a magnetic strip beside each picture track, so color programs can have stereophonic sound. Cartridges have to be rewound between plays, and will cost about $15 each. There is no provision for home recording, whether off-the-air or from a home camera. Each program will have to be printed in the factory.

Although judges have found EVR's picture quality slightly less satisfactory than that of video-tape systems, EVR has one unique feature. Each of its frames may be projected and seen individually, in the manner of a microfilm reader. This means that a single cartridge can be used to store nearly 200,000 pages of print or the equivalent of more than a dozen sets of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica.*

SelectaVision is the name chosen for RCA's system, which is a difficult one to describe in layman's terms. The recording material will be clear vinyl plastic, of precisely the sort now widely used in retail packaging; so the cost of the ribbon itself will be negligible. Picture and sound are embossed on a master by a holographic process, defined as a sequence of "optical interference patterns." After the master is developed chemically, the patterns are transferred to nickel rollers that print the holograms on the consumer's vinyl ribbon.

In order to extract the program at home, a user will need to employ a playback Box enclosing a miniature television camera and a low-powered gas laser. The laser will push the image through the vinyl and onto the camera lens; it is the camera's amplified output that a viewer will see on the screen.

The SelectaVision player is expected to appear in 1972, and will cost about $400. Programs will be available for $10 per half-hour. No home recording will be possible; all programs will have to come from the processing plant.

Clearly, the RCA system is still a long way off in the future, and may face

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obstacles to acceptance on safety grounds: lasers, even low-powered ones, can cause eye damage.

Sony: A conventional medium (videotape), but employed with the innovative dexterity now associated with the best Japanese electronic products. The Sony Videocassette is about the size of a fattish paperback book, and contains almost 100 minutes of playing time on ¾-inch-wide chromium dioxide tape that yields a 250-line picture in color and stereophonic sound of very good quality.

The player, only slightly larger than a present-day audio tape recorder, will cost under $400. For an additional $150, the user will have a device enabling him to make his own off-the-air recordings. If he wants to use the system for home movies, there will be a Vidicon black-and-white camera available at a price near $100.

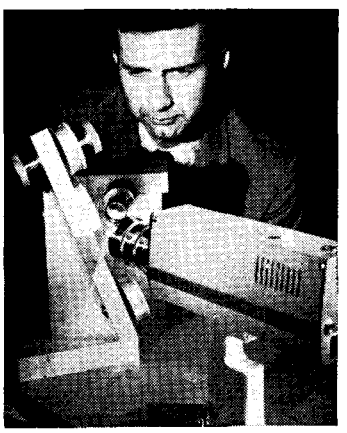
Cassettes will cost about $20 each, and will be capable of erasure and re-use many times. Most movies are shorter than 100 minutes; so a single cassette will accommodate a standard feature film. Music lovers will be able to have a short opera complete on one cassette, although a complete *Ring of the Nibelung* would take ten of them.

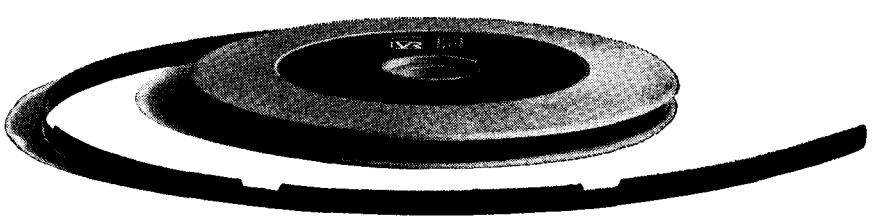
Sony will start selling its system in Japan this fall, and hopes to have it ready for the U.S. customer before the end of 1971.

Teldec: The development of a video disc in Europe has been the subject of rumor for years. The disc was finally unveiled in Berlin last June, just in time to add a further complicating factor to a scene that many have found sufficiently complex. Developed by a consortium consisting of AEG (German General Electric), Telefunken, and Decca (with assistance from the British Decca research team, headed by Arthur Haddy, pioneer of FFRR and stereo records), the video disc was described by one witness as "a bomb dropped in the audio-visual recording market."

Relatively few technical details are yet known. The disc is twelve inches in diameter and made of conventional record biscuit, i.e., largely vinyl. It is said to track at high speed ("with an unconventional pickup") and yield twelve minutes per side of picture and sound. The picture is in black-and-white at present, but color is soon to follow. A player will be available in 1972 costing $120 plain, and $350 for color.

Because of low material costs and the inherently inexpensive "stamping" process employed in disc manufacture, the unit maker's cost for a video record will be small, perhaps as low as 78 cents per record for the physical product. This suggests that video discs may not cost the user much more than his LPs do today.





RCA's holographic color TV tape player system (at right). Home sets will encompass the elements shown here in a single compact unit. The EVR color cartridge (below) is seven inches in diameter, and plays twenty-five minutes of video material with sound.

it requires no extended, linear process of production. No dubbing, as with Sony; no etching, as with RCA; no extended electronic printing followed by photographic processing, as with EVR. These three each require substantial stretches of production time in making the consumer copies. Teldec's discs can be stamped out in a second, as with a cookie press.

All of this suggests that the cartridge systems will remain relatively expensive, and that their cost may indeed climb after the promotional honeymoon is over. Because the disc is cheap to produce and likely to remain so, it takes a head start in the race for the mass market.

But no matter which horse wins, the hegemony of the networks will have been broken. You will not have to hunt among the channels to find something that appeals, mildly. You will not have to see that idiotic man putting together cigarettes and filter tips with a paper clip, nor the other moron who washes his auto engine at the beach. When someone starts to tell you about bad breath or armpits (just at dinnertime) you will have somewhere else to go. If that is not freedom, it is a reasonable semblance. The television set will now begin to take on some of the versatility now to be found only in the phonograph and the telephone. You are no longer to be merely a televisual receptacle, fit to be programed from headquarters. Your will can be in command.

Nor is the Box the end of the road; it may be just the beginning. The cathode-ray tube linked to a computer, allied to a coaxial cable and a dial not unlike that on a telephone, can give the living room an almost unlimited reach. There are no insoluble technical problems, although social and economic barriers may prove formidable. But why should we settle for anything less than total access to such of the world's wisdom and pleasure as eyes and ears may receive? Why should we not be hooked up to the Universal Program Service (an establishment just this moment invented) which is to be a storehouse of *all* the published materials in existence—written, printed, recorded, and filmed—with any item available upon a dialed request from the customer? (We do have to charge, by the way, but it goes on your bill automatically.) UPS offers a choice from every film ever released, every human or instrumental sound ever recorded, any page from any book in the Library of Congress.

The Box may be no more than a short step toward the UPS ideal, but the foot is pointing in the right direction.

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Decline and Fall of the Column Item

by NORMAN HILL

There was a time when Franklin Delano Roosevelt, adjourning a White House press conference, motioned to the Broadway gossip columnist Walter Winchell to stay behind after the reporters left. Then the President leaned forward and whispered: "Walter, I've got an item for you."

That was thirty-odd years ago, when the Broadway column was in its heyday, at the pinnacle of readership and importance as a publicity outlet. An item "planted" by a publicist in a New York columnist's daily potpourri of news, gags, scandal, and innuendo would be syndicated within a few days to as many as 600 newspapers from coast to coast. Aging and death of some of the giants in the field, and then, in the middle and late Sixties, the demise of a number of newspapers, including four of the biggest in New York City, turned the press agents' dream medium into a historic curiosity. The number of columnists dwindled, and reader interest sagged.

But while that golden era lasted, a hundred or more ingenious column publicity specialists—referred to variously as press agents, flacks, tipsters, and worse—earned their living through their ability to get their clients' names into the columns. A mention was valuable. A note of praise for the client was a coup. An all-out panegyric—such as a coveted Winchell "orchid"—was the press agent's paradise. Countless PR professionals based their business careers over several decades on their perfection of the technique of dealing with (or "servicing") and achieving acceptance among the leading columnists.

Besides Winchell there were Ed Sullivan, Danton Walker, Dorothy Kilgallen, Louis Sobol, Damon Runyon, Mark Hellinger, Lee Mortimer, Leonard Lyons, Hy Gardner, Earl Wilson, Frank Farrell, Jack O'Brian, and others.

Today, only a handful of major columnists remain. The most important—by the publicists' consensus—is Earl Wilson, syndicated in an estimated 200 newspapers. Leonard Lyons is carried in fewer papers, but reaches a select audience of influential theater and publishing notables. The remaining columnists are Ed Sullivan, who still finds time in his busy television schedule to turn out two columns a week, Robert Sylvester, and Charles McHarry.

Ed Weiner, a former column press agent, and biographer of Winchell and Runyon, survived forty years in the field to become advertising and promotion director of New York's Statler Hilton Hotel. He recently said, "The column item is practically gone as a number one plug." Weiner can recall when a mention by Winchell could make a best seller of a book or record, a hit of a show or movie; when world leaders would confide off the record in journalists and issue trial balloons; when "FDR planted stuff in Winchell's column through intermediaries, to see what would happen."

One of the industry's most successful figures, Lee Solters, started as a column press agent in 1937, while still a student. Today, his world-wide organization represents Barbra Streisand, the Beatles, David Merrick, and a host of top-echelon names (he no longer takes on unknown beginners, saying, "I've paid my dues"). He admits to "a virtual monopoly on shows" and laments the loss of those halcyon days when "Winchell could harp on one thing day after day and ride a show until it was a winner. Nobody does that today."

Bob Perilla, an energetic PR executive who started as a column contact sixteen years ago, points to a significant change in the field: the decline of the "inside dirt" tip maligning another person or firm. Such tips came from the press agent as "free items": news tidbits designed to ingratiate the press agent with the columnist, who would reciprocate by mentioning the tipster's client. A "dirt item" might read: "The Blank Company is in trouble—rumored to be on the verge of bankruptcy." Or: "Producer Harry Doe walked out of the famous Fancy Restaurant because they served his soup cold." Perilla says times have changed. "The columnists are not as receptive to that as they used to be. People have grown up."

The element of reciprocation—a client plug in return for one of several free items—is still the basis of the relationship between columnist and press agent. Weiner says when he planted an item that some little-known singer was "being viewed by MGM talent scouts at the Copa," it wasn't news—it was a "concoction." But it could stimulate contract offers, particularly if it appeared in an influential column such as Winchell's. "Columbia, Universal, and Warner's would have to get out and take a look at the performer. The item instigated movement," says Weiner.

—Wide World

Leonard Lyons—"a select audience."

Frank Bowers, former assistant to Earl Wilson, now a magazine editor, confirms the "unspoken agreement" between columnist and press agent. The columnist felt obligated, if he had got one or two choice blind items from a press agent, to use a client item "as a payoff." Publicists employ a variety of methods to let the columnist know when an item they've submitted involves a client. Sometimes they write the word "client" in parentheses at the end of an item. Some label nonclient items similarly, inserting the word "free" as a frank reminder to the columnist of the press agent's services. One publicist occasionally marks an item "of special interest," meaning: "I need this one!"

Free items can be straight news about nonclients, gags not attributed to clients, clever phrases, unusual typos culled from other publications, odd or surprising information. All are offered to the columnist by press agents seeking to prove their trustworthiness, cleverness, and allegiance in exchange for favored treatment. Interestingly, not one of the people interviewed would take credit for having initiated a specific news story or having coined a noteworthy phrase. All the publicists' wittiest creations, most unique observations, most breathtaking bits of exclusive news remain forever anonymous.

Even Weiner, long out of the column-planting business, while immodestly conceding that he was "the best news gatherer around—eight-word hard-news items that often wound up as front page stories"—declined to cite any examples. Once an item appears under a columnist's name, he said, it has to belong to that columnist. If it was good, the columnist "took the bows. If it was incorrect, the columnist, as Winchell put it, had to take the boos."

The same cautious self-effacement applies to word coinage, which used

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to be one of Winchell's proudest specialties. (In 1933, W. J. Funk listed him as one of the ten most fecund originators of slang.) Innumerable Winchellisms passed into contemporary common usage: "blessed event," "bundle from heaven," "Chicagorilla" (a 1930s word for a gangster, it has a startling current flavor), "infanticipating," "gone phffft," "makin' whoopee." Prophetically, his column dubbed Broadway "The Hardened Artery." He first used "oomph" and "it" to describe female pulchritude. Weiner, who "won't take any secondhand bows in absentia," and a host of other press agents were the men who actually created most of these ingenious terms. Perilla agrees that "devising clever lines is the name of the game in this business, but why should I take credit for a phrase under someone else's byline? It's *his* column." Lee Solters says he gets all the credit he wants, for putting good gags in clients' mouths, "in the form of a check from the client."

During the five years he worked for Earl Wilson, prior to 1968, Bowers observed an important change already taking place in the quality of column content. "Publicity items got to be more legit-sounding. They still sought the same result — get your client's name in the paper any way you can—but there were fewer stunts, outright lies, and wild stories." Insiders agree that the columns were more fun in the old days. Nobody, including the columnists, cared much whether items were truthful or not. During the Sixties, Bowers recalls, Wilson was "starting to take his job more seriously." No longer could a press agent level with him that an item or event was an out-and-out stunt, then add: "Earl, let's try to pull it off anyway." A number of press agents, such as Jack Tirman and Jim Moran, were particularly good at faking news stories that made good reading. In earlier years, "Earl went along with an awful lot of fake stunts," Bowers recalls.

Tirman, a veteran column man, misses the era of the uninhibited stunt. "Years ago the guys were more daring," he says. "They wrote with tongue in cheek. Now it's all hard news. No laughs." Publicists can still plant a gag attributed to one of their clients, but the pickings are leaner. They vie in Wilson's column for one of six or seven items a day that lend themselves to a publicist's purposes. One Sylvester column per week is devoted to gags.

Revealing a technique insecure stars might well study, Solters says columns are frequently used to "box people in" during contract negotiations. A producer who is having difficulty wrapping up a deal with a star will instruct his press agent to place column items saying that he is negotiating with a rival performer. Solters's organization is "often given the word to plant such items." The object is to "frighten the star a little." Columns offer an ideal medium for this purpose, by both the nature of their content and the speed with which items can be published. Often "you can call Lyons and Wilson and get it in print the next day." The reason such tactics work, says Solters, is that the star being "boxed in" never can be sure whether or not an item is true. A performer's basic insecurity may be enough to convince him there really is a rival, and to intimidate him into accepting the terms offered.

A new phenomenon is the press agent's sly use of the column item as an esoteric, insider's communique to other media, a means of building the client's name value with magazine editors and TV panel-show producers for feature stories and guest interview spots. Says Perilla: "Years ago you got someone into a column and that was it. Today, editors, wire-service people, and magazine writers read columns. We write letters without any response. Then we plant a column item, and the editors start calling us. It's the power of the printed word."

Solters still exults over an item he once planted about a girl singer from Texas, claiming that NYU's "Texas Club" was planning a tremendous party for her. It was, says Solters, "a complete phony." Nevertheless, *Life*'s editors called and asked to cover the party. "You know the rest. I had to go and organize everything. I was looking for one line in a column, and I got a layout in *Life*."

Newsweek editor Bill Roeder, who runs the magazine's NEWSMAKERS page, confirms that he follows the columns closely, checking for personalities and stories that might be worth following up. There is "rarely anything solid," but he sometimes finds usable quotes.

A handful of press agents still depend almost exclusively on their expertise and contacts in the column field. Two years ago the *Wall Street Journal* reported that press agents earn "up to fifty dollars for each mention of a client." The fact is some run as high as $200, and can go higher in special cases, such as seasonal promotion for a perfume, cosmetic, or camera, where the client is interested in column plugs only during the Christmas shopping season.

Most of the column experts who have survived did so by branching out into heretofore foreign areas, such as magazines and TV. The column specialists who were unable or unwilling to offer their clients rounded PR programs have fallen by the wayside, or drifted into other businesses. Some moonlight to supplement their income. One press agent, who earned a great deal of money in the old days, has been working in a bank for a number of years, while handling two publicity accounts on the side.

Solters hit on a comfortable formula with which to conquer the new era. He accepts only clients who are so famous they don't need anybody to get them publicity, in or out of the columns. He no longer has need for the "twosome" gambit for cracking a column, i.e., linking a new, unknown performer romantically with an established star, because he has no unknown clients. "Getting Streisand publicity is no trick," he confides. His biggest challenge is to make the right selections from among the multitude of invitations and requests for interviews his clients receive.

Some of the column specialists carry on, but yearn for a return of the golden era, and a few believe it will come back —perhaps, they say longingly, borne by a revival of interest in humor and eccentricity when the war in Vietnam ends.

Charles Fisher, writing in 1944, celebrated those "golden days for columning—that highly charged type of personal journalism which has come to so elaborate a blossoming in this generation. A mere score or so of writers command audiences of a size, diversity, and devotion . . . without parallel in the history of print." At the height of that era Walter Winchell, seated one night in the Stork Club with his friend and loyal contributor Ed Weiner, said, "Look around the room and tell me what you see." The publicist replied: "I see eleven newspapermen." "You mean," said Winchell, "you see eleven copycats." There are a few copycats left, but the era that belonged to the Winchells and their tipsters is really just a has-been.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1, *Ambassadors*, c, James; 2, *Pride & Prej.*, p, Austen; 3, *Middlemarch*, r, Eliot; 4, *Blithedale Romance*, o, Hawthorne; 5, *Benito Cereno*, m, Melville; 6, *Franny & Zooey*, a, Salinger; 7, *Amer. Tragedy*, s, Dreiser; 8, *Treas. Island*, k, Stevenson; 9, *Doll's House*, n, Ibsen; 10, *Bleak House*, f, Dickens; 11, *For Whom Bell Tolls*, t, Hemingway; 12, *Main St.*, h, Lewis; 13, *Dr. Faustus*, j, Mann; 14, *Brave New World*, b, Huxley; 15, *Egoist*, d, Meredith; 16, *Vicar of Wakefield*, q, Goldsmith; 17, *Vanity Fair*, g, Thackeray; 18, *Absalom!*, i, Faulkner; 19, *East of Eden*, e, Steinbeck; 20, *Return of Native*, l, Hardy. (Some titles are abbreviated.)

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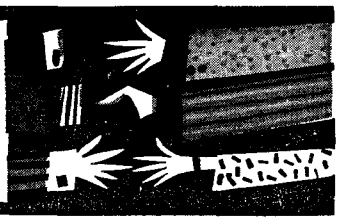
Public Relations



Profit Alone Is Not Enough

The social ferment, the changing structure of society, the overwhelming domestic problems afflicting the nation—each has had its impact on the American corporation. The public's demand that the large industrial organizations provide some leadership in solving the ills of the cities has wrought changes in the role of the corporation. No longer can a corporation tend to its profit-making alone, while by-passing issues once considered beyond the concern of business managers.

Many of the changes in the outlook of corporate managers have been in the making for some time under the stimulus of a concerned nation looking for improvement in the quality of life. But recently the speed of change has accelerated within the major corporations. Not so long ago it was considered that the role of the manager was simply to maximize his profits. Now he cannot properly perform his job unless he becomes deeply involved in furthering the aspirations of the nation as a whole.

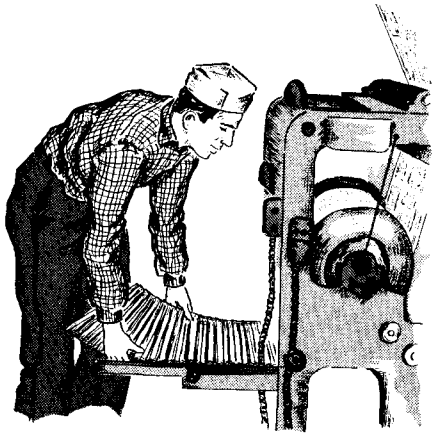
Since General Motors is the largest industrial enterprise in the country, with 794,000 employees world-wide, a payroll of $6.928-billion, and 1,363,000 stockholders at the close of last year, it seemed worthwhile to ask the chief executive officer of the corporation for his views on the social responsibility of business. James M. Roche, chairman of the board of directors of General Motors, has worked for the corporation for forty-two years and holds the prime responsibility in running the vast empire. As the country's biggest and most successful corporation, GM is bound to be the target of attack, for it is an old, and not necessarily unhappy, condition of national life that bigness is often mistrusted. And that holds true whether it is big business, big unions, big universities, or big religious institutions. The bigger they are, the more they are the center of scrutiny. GM can't hide. It lives in a big glass house. Here are some of Mr. Roche's views.

On social responsibility: "Business must conduct itself in accordance with the laws of the land; provide products of the best quality possible; carry out its responsibility to stockholders, customers, and employees, and conduct itself as a good corporate citizen. Obviously, unless we operate on a basis consistent with the public welfare and the best interests of the country, we couldn't succeed for a very long period.

"The term social responsibility, as it is applied to a business or a corporation, is being interpreted on a much broader basis than ever before in our history. We have many problems in the social area—problems of jobs, problems of minorities. In General Motors, we have been concerned with minorities for many, many years. There were approximately 100,000 minority employees within our corporation at the end of 1969, roughly 15 per cent of our total U.S. employment. I believe a most important factor in meeting our social responsibilities is to provide job opportunities. We hire people who perhaps have never held jobs before. We give them an opportunity to work, and to be trained to qualify and advance on the basis of their abilities and skills. We spend a great deal of effort on such programs."

On what business can do to help solve urban problems: "The most important contribution business can make is to supply jobs. Business people can also serve as consultants in such fields as public education and housing, particularly in urban areas. We are devoting manpower and time in these programs."

On what business can do to ease the housing shortage: "Business, if it were given the opportunity, could contribute a technology to housing that has not been available up to now. There are great possibilities for prefabricated homes. We are now building homes pretty much with the same technology that was used three hundred years ago —piece by piece, brick by brick, nail by nail. Assembly line techniques could be adopted. Parts prefabricated in factories could be assembled on building sites. This offers a great potential, but it can't be realized until several things happen. There has to be a different attitude on the part of the building-trade unions. Building codes must be revised. The supply of skilled labor—electricians, plumbers, millwrights, carpenters, and such—must be increased. Business can make a contribution here, and hopefully it will."



On what the stockholder expects: "There is no question but that the average stockholder expects the company he invests in to both make a profit and be socially responsible."

On the quality of primary education: "Business must get itself involved in seeing that children are properly taught. One aspect, I think, is the feeling among blacks that there is a difference in the quality of the education being given in predominantly white schools and in the black schools. This is at the heart of busing. I think the pressure for it stems from the fact that the blacks believe that if the whites have to go to a black school, then the school will improve."

On the demand for instant change: "It is impossible to adjust to the demand for instant change. Unless we can bring mature consideration to the solution of some of our problems, we can make serious mistakes. Those problems didn't develop overnight, and they're not going to be solved overnight. For example, pollution does not come from one source. It reaches deep into the economic roots of our country and is closely allied with some of the conveniences we take for granted today. All our problems are usually discussed primarily within the context of the United States. But many of them are not confined to this country alone. Finding equitable solutions to some of these problems in the United States doesn't mean they will be eliminated, because we are only one comparatively small part of a very large world. Remembering that most of our oxygen comes from the oceans and other large bodies of water, what happens if we clear up our atmosphere in the United States, and Europe and Asia and Latin America don't clear theirs? We have the means to pay the bill for pollution control, but many countries in the world don't."

Business is now compelled to perform a new role. The public demands it, and wise managers know that to ignore that demand is to court disaster. Acceptance of public responsibilities, far beyond the basic one of making a profit, is now a must for those corporate heads who believe that what remains of the private sector is worth preserving. —L. L. L. Golden.

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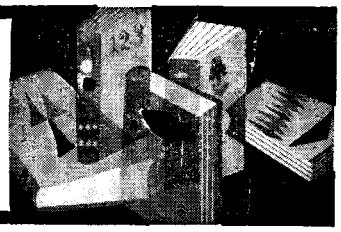
Books in Communications



Hearing About the Publishers

One might argue that the writer who begins his professional career in a publishing house and moves successively to a monthly such as *Fortune*, a weekly such as *Time*, and a daily such as *PM* is following a path of simple regression. Such was the professional experience of Louis Kronenberger, for twenty-four years *Time*'s drama critic, except that all his varied editorial training eventually funneled into academe and was really the substructure supporting a literary career as well, one that specialized in Restoration comedy.

In *No Whippings, No Gold Watches* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $6.95), a gently reflective book of reminiscence, Kronenberger lays little stress on his own literary credits and concentrates instead on the publishing forces and figures he served or brushed against: Eric Hodgins, Russell Davenport, T. S. Matthews, Manfred Gottfried, Ralph Ingersoll. Kronenberger in one capacity or another served under many a famous managing editor, including that managing editor's managing editor Henry R. Luce. With small anecdotes and glancing appraisals, he brings to life the publishing worlds he passed through on the way to university lectureships (his enduring university connection is Brandeis, which, for a time, he served as librarian) and his own literary accomplishments.

Kronenberger steers away from any uncomfortable autobiographical self-confrontations. His book is contemplative and unimpassioned; yet, for what it says about multiple publishing worlds, it ought to be read for instruction in the journalism schools as well as for general enjoyment. Almost the best are his earliest recollections of being a summer substitute and later a reader for Boni & Liveright, a publishing house that grew great in the 1920s. "It is odd," he says, "that the firm is not a greater memento of the Twenties, for it shared their gay disreputableness and spendthrift vitality."

Boni & Liveright—and the whole literary era it seemed to dominate—is given due prominence, in fact, in *Horace Liveright, Publisher of the Twenties* by Walker Gilmer (David Lewis, Inc., $8.95). Perhaps Liveright was never greatly revered. He was hardly an orthodox businessman. His period of ascendancy was exactly bracketed by the prosperity of the Twenties and the Depression of the Thirties. His revolutionary impulse in publishing—liberal thought, psychoanalysis, the Greenwich Village unknowns—sadly waned toward the end of his too brief career. After a miserable but game journey into the Hollywood sun when he was banished from his own firm, he died in 1933 at the age of forty-six, a bankrupt publisher. Built on the brillant publishing notion of the Modern Library, Boni & Liveright published the radical books, including John Reed's *Ten Days That Shook the World*. It published the pre-Broadway Eugene O'Neill, Freud's *General Introduction to Psychoanalysis*, Van Loon's *The Story of Mankind*, "Warner Fabian's" *Flaming Youth*, Anita Loos's *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, E. E. Cummings's *The Enormous Room*, T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*, and Theodore Dreiser. (The chapters on Dreiser and *An American Tragedy* tell one everything about the classic suspicions that arise between author and publisher. locked in mutual dependency.)

The house produced its share of graduate editors, writers, and publishers also, including Louis Kronenberger, Lillian Hellman, Saxe Commins (later William Faulkner's editor at Random House), Lewis Galantière, Julian Messner, Edward Weeks, Richard Simon (of Simon & Schuster), and Bennett Cerf, who at a low point in Liveright's fortunes took the Modern Library away to found Random House for $150,000 in cash.

An associate professor of English at DePauw University, Gilmer has written a multiple biography that is fascinating at each level—that of the man, the era, and the business. He suggests Liveright's tremendous flair, the excitement of new ideas and broken publishing traditions, and the complexities of the author-publisher relationship, which are probably as true today as they were then. A better book on publishing may be a long time in coming.

Liveright offers no model for the kind of publishing methodology Herbert S. Bailey, Jr., prescribes in *The Art and Science of Book Publishing* (Harper & Row, $7.95). Bailey, the director of the Princeton University Press, lays down precise, counterchaotic rules for expert book handling, and his text ranges from a discussion of self-evident basics at the primer level to algebraic formulas for balancing the cost determinants that govern the optimum timing and quantity of reprint orders. The book exposes the bones and skeletal structure of the publishing process and contains a useful appendix, which reduces the procedures of each department to a check list of essential steps, as well as a selected reading and reference list.

Listening to the Politicians: On the neutral ground of a university school of journalism the everlasting complaints and countercomplaints of politicians and newsmen are dissected and explained. The Baltimore Sunpapers and the Department of Journalism of the University of Maryland have sponsored the most recent of such discussions in a series of lectures by editors, reporters, and professors compiled in *Politics & the Press*, edited by Richard W. Lee (Acropolis, $6.95). The inevitable tension between government official and reporter is pinpointed by David S. Broder, political correspondent of the Washington *Post*, as a "manipulative relationship" on both sides, and he is frank to give the reporter his due as a "commodity" seeker after information and not necessarily nobler than the news-managing source.

The manipulative relationship between politician and media is exposed on every page of Edward W. Chester's *Radio, Television and American Politics* (Sheed and Ward, $7.50), a thorough, factual, and constantly interesting history of how the politicians and the mass media have grown up to-

gether. Wholly within the context of his sweeping historical survey, Chester recalls some perhaps forgotten facts. Coolidge, for example, ranked ahead of Will Rogers in popularity as a radio personality of the 1920s. Orator that he was, William Jennings Bryan destroyed his broadcast effectiveness during the 1924 Democratic Convention by wandering across the speaker's platform. Huey Long spoke only four times over a national hookup. The book is brimful with fascinating material, even to political expenditure figures and audience-share breakdowns. Chester, associate professor of history at the University of Texas, has shunned personal theorizing in order to present the historical record. This, to my mind, only enhances the value of a notable work.

—STUART W. LITTLE.

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"Right of Access"

Continued from page 49

with precisely the showing of a hand-in-glove relationship between press and government needed to establish state action in the operation of the press.

Under the act, passed by Congress and now pending Executive approval, joint operating agreements between newspapers in the same city would be granted exemption from the antitrust laws. Price-fixing and other monopolistic practices illegal for other businesses would be permissible for the exempted newspapers.

The strained examples of government association with the press cited by the union in the Chicago case make it evident that the weakest link in the right of access argument is the lack of state action in the operation of newspapers. The press is not licensed by government and not obligated to government. If the cost of second-class mail delivery exceeds the government's charge, so does the cost of most mail delivery. It is a debatable question, in any case, whether the tax "subsidy" is to the newspaper or the subscriber.

A government grant of special antitrust favors to newspapers would represent a significant alteration of the relationship between press and government. As government-authorized "shared monopolies," newspapers operated under the antitrust exemption would be beholden to the government for their legal existence.

Richard W. McLaren, chief of the Justice Department's Antitrust Division, expressed some of the implications of the proposed new relationship in testimony before the House Judiciary Committee last year. Said McLaren: "The cause of newspaper independence would be poorly served by this bill. The newspaper industry is one of our most important national resources. Our newspapers serve as vital watchdogs on government. . . . To perform this function effectively, newspapers must remain independent of government and deal with it at arm's length, affording government no immunity and seeking none from it.

A favor that provided legal justification for courts to monitor press content, and to order newspapers to print advertisements and editorial matter, would not be regarded as a favor by most editors and publishers. The wonder is that while lawyers labor in Chicago to convince the Court of Appeals that their newspaper clients are purely private institutions free of government connection, newspaper lobbyists labor in Washington for a government grant of immunity from antitrust laws that could one day make the beneficiaries wish Mr. Barron had never studied law.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted, personal services, literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, $1.25 per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times $1.05 per word each insertion; 26 times $1.10 per word each insertion; 13 times $1.15 per word each insertion; 6 times $1.20 per word each insertion. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

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(Continued on page 58)

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SCHOOLS

(Continued from page 57)

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FAMILY CAMPING

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SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

VACATIONS

HOTEL WITH ABSOLUTE PRIVACY—At Sapphire Bay, U.S. Virgin Islands, where the weather is perfect year 'round. Each individual guest house has its own private swimming pool secluded in a walled garden. Living room, bedroom, dressing room, kitchen and luxurious bath. Air conditioned. Maid service. Sensible daily rates. Idyllic for two—spacious enough for four or five. Quiet bar. Send for information about the most private hotel on the liveliest island in the Caribbean. For brochure or reservations by the day or longer, contact Dept. S, ROBERT F. WARNER, INC., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, 212-JU 6-4500. Or your travel agent. The Pavilions & Pools, Box 2208, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.

JOHNSTON FARM MOTEL—Fields, woods, lake, horses, golf. Ludlow, Vermont 05149. Phone 802-228-3751.

1778 INN—POCONOS. Forest walks, streams; delicious meals; heated pool; no pressure. Box 127, Swiftwater, Pennsylvania 18370.

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WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $10-$16; 4 persons, $16-$20. Reserve by mail or phone.

DIP INTO our sparkling lake; gaze upon our gentle mountains; stroll our ferny woodland trails. We guarantee serenity's revival. Brochure. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts 01238.

TORTOLA, B.V.I. COTTAGE for two on sea overlooking St. Thomas. Complete. Electric kitchen. $125 weekly until December 15th. $200 after. 5 acres exotic fruit trees and Fiat included. Owner 212-226-3214 or 212-254-0382.

NANTUCKET, Island of Enchantment. 30 miles at sea, less than one hour by air from New York or Boston. Sandy beaches, perfect swimming into October, golf, fishing, your favorite sports. Interesting historic areas. Well-equipped boat basin. Modern accommodations. Excellent restaurants. Illustrated booklet. Information Service, 45 Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

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AUTO BABYSITTERS OF NYC. INDOOR parking. Rates LOWER than outdoor airport/pier parking. Pick up/delivery—airports, piers, hotels. Branches throughout NYC. Savoy Garages, 827 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. 212-493-9800.

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MY 41' RELIANT auxiliary yawl "SKONA" (means fair one) is ready in the Caribbean for active sailors or lazy escapists. Crewed or bare boat. Economy summer rates now in effect. Brochure. Olof Hedstrom, Box 167, Hartford City, Indiana 47348.

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IF YOU CAN PRONOUNCE NEVIS*, you may wish to subscribe to the newsletter for Caribbean cognoscenti. What's new in politics, investments, industry, off-beat islands, hotels, transportation. Twelve monthly issues, $15 (*KNEE-vis.) Caribbean Report, Suite 1202-A, 527 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.

SAN FRANCISCO on $4.50 a day. New free brochure tells how City's unique residence clubs beat the high cost of living. Rates from $130 month ($35 week) cover hotel-type services, two good meals, plus the happy, relaxed conviviality of 100 other men and women. Write for brochure and reserve now for fall. The Monroe, 1870 Sacramento, 94109. 415-GR 4-6200.

THE CARIBBEAN. Your own schooner; live shipmates, crew. Great grub, grog, ports of call. Skin-dive, navigate, explore; limbo till dawn. 10 days, $245. Windjammer, Dept. 122, Box 120, Miami Beach, Florida 33139.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

YACHT CHARTERS in the Caribbean. Write Airmail. Blue Water Cruises, Box 758X, St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands 00801.

A YEN TO TRAVEL? Let us help you plan where and how to go, where to stay, what to do. Over twenty years making flight arrangements worldwide, hotel accommodations, tours, cruises, for numerous Metropolitan New York pleasure and business travelers. Never a Service Charge! Contact: SABINA KOPF, Select Reservations, 113 West 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. Phone 212-LO 4-8317.

CRUISE WINDWARD, LEEWARD, or Virgin Islands, 8 or 12 days aboard popular Windjammer "MAVERICK." From $190, everything included. Airmail for folder. WESTINDIAMAN CRUISES, Box 2131S, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands 00801.

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CHARTER FLIGHT HANDBOOK. 1,100 organizations named. Particulars free. TIB, P.O. Box 105s, Kings Park, N.Y. 11754.

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ANNOUNCING THE

Saturday Review

EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Contest

Two Grand Prizes

Color winner:

Round-Trip to New Zealand

Black-and-white winner:

Round-Trip to Paris

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 2, 1971, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs.

The winning pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norman Cousins—Editor, *Saturday Review*.

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America.

Ken Heyman—Photographer, author and world traveler.

Grace M. Mayer—Curator, Edward J. Steichen Archive, Department of Photography, The Museum of Modern Art.

Margaret R. Weiss—Photography Editor, *Saturday Review*.

The important thing is to read the complete rules and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is September 15, 1970.

Contest Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review and The McCall Publishing Co., members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after May 30, 1969, in a locale visited on a vacation or business trip away from home.

3. Black-and-white photographs
   a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8x10 unmounted.
   b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.
   c. Developing and printing may be done by a photofinisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.
   d. No negatives should be submitted.
   e. No black-and-white prints will be returned.

4. Color photographs
   a. Color pictures may be submitted as either transparency OR print. Do not submit a transparency and print of the same picture.
   b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.
   c. Color prints must be no larger than 8x10 and unmounted.
   d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.
   e. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.
   f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned only if accompanied by return postage: a minimum of 12 cents, in stamps or coin. **Do not send self-addressed envelopes.**

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for *negatives, prints or transparencies, but reserves the right to* publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than one black-and-white **or** one color picture to this magazine's World Travel Photo Contest. All entries must be postmarked no later than September 15, 1970, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: No more than one picture may be submitted by any one entrant.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of Saturday Review, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 2, 1971. Saturday Review retains first publication rights on winning pictures and the right to use them for promotional purposes.

DEADLINE SEPTEMBER 15, 1970 *Saturday Review* **380 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017**

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1896

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Deceive with soothing words or false promises	23 36 50 57 67 82
B. Author of "Kipps" and "Tono-Bungay" (Initials and name)	101 105 143 151 161 182 206
C. Disconcert or confuse (a person)	212 5 41 44 78 97
D. Fireside	98 117 171 183 188 208 3 8 24
E. Guard	131 43 48 56 74 92 102 108
F. Rubs dry	109 124 203 16 30 49
G. Conceited, presumptuous	135 187 18 60 73 114 126 139 147 169 215
H. Candy made of brown sugar, butter, and milk, usu. with nuts	86 130 174 181 35 76 133
I. Insolent, proud, arrogant (comp.)	152 173 197 15 22 62 70 125 207 52 103 122 159
J. Soft touch (2 wds.)	168 170 175 205 7 11 66 89
K. True grit (2 wds.)	178 201 14 80 162 199 189 51 64 137
L. Surreptitious procedure	165 166 184 204 6 46 106
M. Anthony Trollope novel (2 wds.)	186 83 90 142 13 1 65 132 129
N. Thomas Love Peacock novel (2 wds.)	185 195 53 121 127 134 138 17 31 68 94 150 39 32
O. Mollifies by petting	63 71 196 200 95 144 209
P. Moving in undulating billows	88 191 118 145 211 20 77
Q. Abundance	79 4 190 146 213 10 34 55 59
R. Event or incident of great general interest	69 149 192 25 158 2 45 87 179
S. Capital of Cote d'Or dept., E France, former capital of Burgundy	113 119 141 26 214
T. Boring; prolix	75 153 164 61 29 112 84
U. Fitzgerald took Omar's "pearls of thought" and "strung them on an——." (2 wds.; Lowell, "In a Copy of Omar Khayyam")	54 27 93 202 110 115 28 176 42 194 40 172 157
V. 2 wds. before *of Rheims*: poem by Thomas Ingoldsby (R. H. Barham)	136 167 193 21 107 160 148 155 177 58
W. Thoroughgoing, complete (comp.)	47 163 111 154 12 72 33 116 100
X. District or lake of SE Ontario	99 104 210 19 85 123 81 37 120
Y. Grants	180 96 198 38 91 140 128 156 9

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

	1 M	2 R	3 D	4 Q		5 C	6 L	7 J	8 D	9 Y	10 Q		11 J	12 W	13 M	14 K
15 I	16 F	17 N	18 G		19 X	20 P		21 V	22 I	23 A	24 D	25 R	26 S	27 U		28 U
29 T	30 F	31 N		32 N	33 W	34 Q		35 H	36 A	37 X		38 Y	39 N	40 U		41 C
42 U	43 E		44 C	45 R	46 L	47 W	48 E	49 F		50 A	51 K	52 I	53 N	54 U	55 Q	
56 E	57 A	58 V	59 Q	60 G	61 T	62 I	63 O		64 K	65 M	66 J	67 A	68 N	69 R	70 I	71 O
72 W		73 G	74 E	75 T	76 H		77 P	78 C	79 Q	80 K	81 X	82 A	83 M	84 T		85 X
86 H	87 R	88 P	89 J	90 M	91 Y	92 E	93 U		94 N	95 O	96 Y	97 C		98 D	99 X	
100 W	101 B	102 E		103 I	104 X	105 B	106 L	—	107 V	108 E	109 F	110 U	111 W	112 T	113 S	114 G
	115 U	116 W	117 D	118 P	119 S	120 X	121 N	122 I		123 X	124 F	125 I	126 G	127 N	128 Y	129 M
130 H	131 E		132 M	133 H	134 N	135 G	136 V	137 K		138 N	139 G	140 Y		141 S	142 M	143 B
144 O	145 P	—	146 Q	147 G	148 V	149 R		150 N	151 B	152 I	153 T	154 W	155 V	156 Y	157 U	
158 R	159 I		160 V	161 B	162 K	163 W	164 T	165 L		166 L	167 V	168 J	169 G		170 J	171 D
172 U	173 I	174 H		175 J	176 U	177 V	178 K	179 R		180 Y	181 H	182 B	183 D	184 L	185 N	
186 M	187 G	188 D	189 K	190 Q	191 P	192 R	193 V	194 U	195 N	196 O	197 I		198 Y	199 K	200 O	
201 K	202 U	203 F	204 L	205 J	206 B		207 I	208 D	209 O	210 X	211 P	212 C	213 Q	214 S	215 G	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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You may never have to shoot an Alosa pseudoharengus being fitted with a contact lens.*

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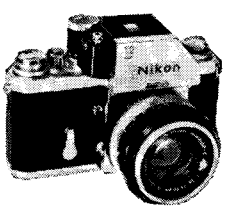

*This was part of an experiment in the schooling behavior of fish conducted by Dr. Evelyn Shaw of the Museum of Natural History and Dr. Edward Baylor of the State University of New York at Stony Brook. The naturally farsighted fish were made even more farsighted, very nearsighted and normal, but the lenses irritated their eyes and the effect on schooling behavior was not determined.

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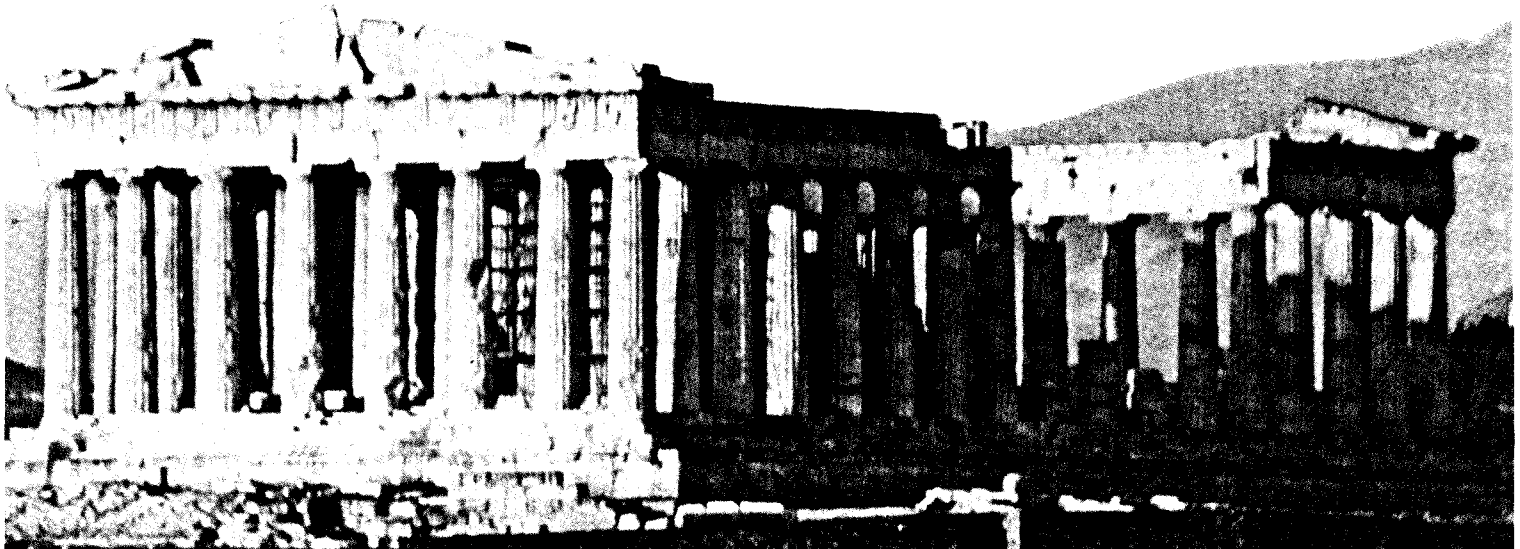

WHEN IT'S OCTOBER EVERYWHERE ELSE, IT'S STILL SUMMERTIME IN GREECE.

Long after the rest of Europe has moved indoors, you could be sitting at a sidewalk cafe in Athens soaking up sunlight. Sipping ouzo while the Parthenon stands guard over the city. Sailing through unspoiled islands on the trail of Ulysses. And enjoying the kind of warm welcome at modern hotels and quaint tavernas that is rare anytime, anywhere in the world.

GREECE IS NEVER OUT OF SEASON.

The sun never stops. Neither does water-skiing, snorkling, and sun-worshipping in October on Crete and Rhodes.

The music never stops. And the beat of *bouzoukia* is just as irresistible in fall as it is in mid-summer.

The good food never stops. In *tavernas*, go into the kitchen and choose. Or order haute cuisine at luxury hotels.

The antiquities never stop. And sunset at Poseidon's temple is just as unforgettable in October as it is in July.

Greek National Tourist Organization
601 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) HA 1-5777

Gentlemen:
I want to spend a summer vacation in Greece this fall. Please send me more information.

SR-8

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

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